

The TATLER

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London
July 19, 1939



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The TATTLER

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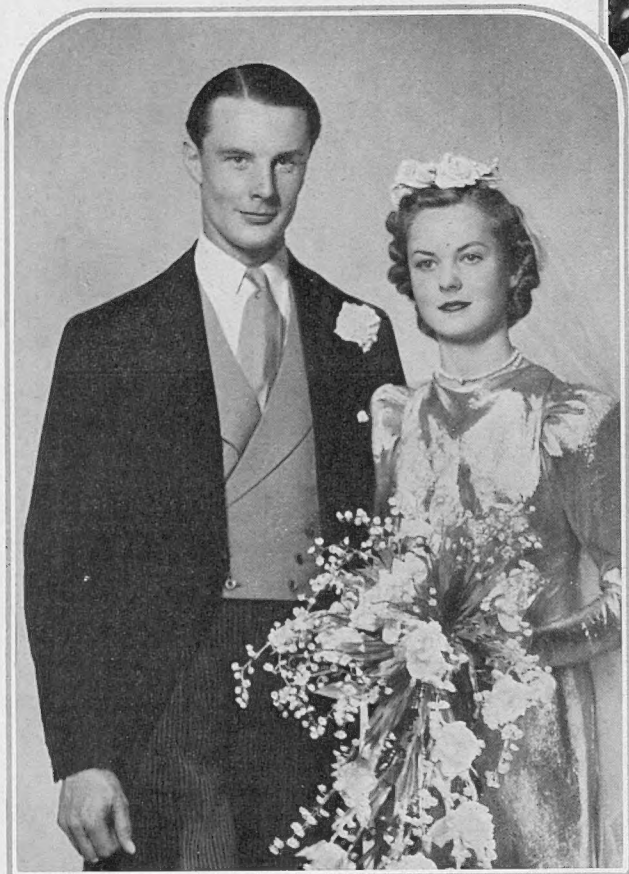
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THE NEW GARBO

Ultra modern and wearing a special version of her famous "long bob" Greta Garbo has gone into her first picture for two years, playing the title rôle *Ninotchka*. This production by M-G-M is described as a sophisticated romantic comedy of Paris, Moscow and Constantinople. Melvyn Douglas plays the Garbo's leading man for the second time, having appeared with her in *As You Desire Me*

And the World Said—



MR. AND MRS. R. L. V. FFRENCH BLAKE

Fayer

The central figures in a wedding ceremony at St. George's last week. Mr. French Blake, 17th/21st Lancers, is the son of the late Major St. J. L. A. O'B. French Blake and of Mrs. L. M. Wilson. His bride, formerly Miss Grania Curran, is the daughter of the late Captain W. H. Curran and of Mrs. Curran

THE Season is literally washed out, yet because of the sudden, welcome influx of distinguished foreigners like Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt (who has innumerable signed photographs of royalty at 640 Fifth Avenue) we cease to wilt and try looking at what remains of July through their enthusiastic American, Parisian or Balkan orbs, telling ourselves it can't be as flat as a lake after all. "I love London," screams English-speaking "GabyLou" Pringué in Bond Street, who, though only fifty-four, is more Edwardian than many septuagenarians with his grey gloves and his gay retorts; adding, "But there are no wits here now." Reluctantly we agree. With him is the velvet-eyed Vicomtesse Roger du Halgouët, née d'Hautpoul, who says, "Please talk slower, I cannot understand," although she has an English aunt by marriage, the Marquise d'Hautpoul de Seyre, whose brother was that prince of Edwardian characters, the late Sir Harry Stonor. With the foreign visitors comes a wave of inside information about every political figure in Europe; stories worthy of *La Tabouis* at her most



SIR GILES LODER HELPS HIS BRIDE CUT THE CAKE

This photograph of another of last week's wedding couples was taken at Mrs. Warren Pearl's house, 82 Eaton Square, after the marriage at St. Margaret's of the only son of Lady Loder, of Leonardslee, to Miss Marie Symons-Jeune, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Symons-Jeune, of Runnymede House, Old Windsor. Sir Giles Loder, head of a popular clan whose name spells racing and hunting, is in the Surrey and Sussex Yeomanry, now a T.A. artillery unit

prescient. A comforting one was told me by Commander Dennis Larking, Mine Host of Aix-les-Bains, whose well-dressed wife is Italian born. They have it from one of Il Duce's closest charms that Italy (meaning Musso) is working overtime to induce a reasonable state of mind in the Führer. It is never too late to bend. The man in the street in Germany believes England to be weak, degenerate and without either an air force or a navy; meanwhile the man in the London street has received Public Information Leaflet No. 1, which

contains the information that "If you throw a bucket of water on a burning incendiary bomb, it will explode and throw burning fragments in all directions." This is disappointing for those who, like myself, have bought extra buckets. We shall have to keep cows, or, where space is restricted, goats, in our flats, like the Neapolitans, and milk them into the unwanted pails. Memo: Ask Low if his goat is as much trouble as he makes out in his Saturday cartoon. Some people say unusual animals are no trouble. For example, David Wolfe Murray, now Public Relations Officer for Television, advocates keeping a merlin, which was the lady's hawk in the days of falconry. In *British Birds* he wrote, "They can easily be accommodated, even in the modern flat." Quai.

* * *



JUST BACK FROM AMERICA

Lady Anne Bridgeman and Lord Cowdray, who are being married today, July 19, at St. Margaret's. Lord and Lady Bradford's younger daughter did audience to all the Westchester Cup matches and enjoyed her American trip immensely. So did her fiancé who, win or lose, carried out his none-too-easy job of non-playing captain of our team excellently

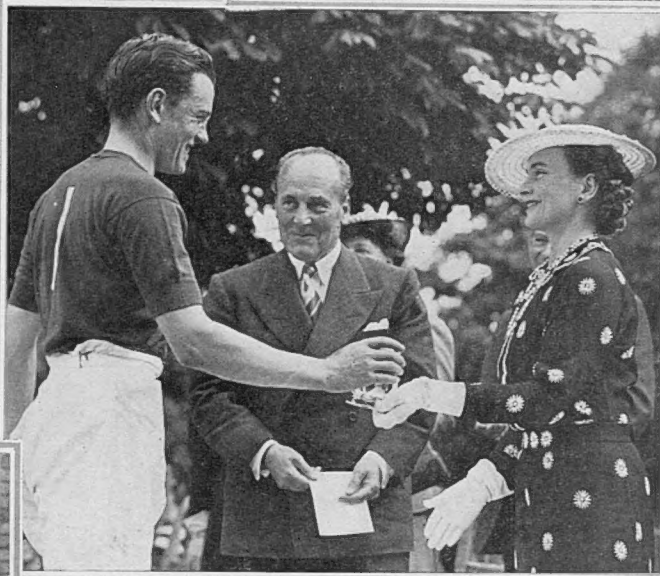
A visitor too discreet to allow his conversation to stray into the "my aunt's charwoman had a friend" vein, is M. Lampteff, the former Rumanian Minister to what Americans correctly call the Court of St. James's, who, after

a diplomatic career which included the late Queen of Rumania's tour of the United (and excited) States, has settled at Mentone, near enough to Monte Carlo to see the fireworks without hearing them. When I met Mr. Lampteff at cosmopolitan Lady Enid Browne's, he had come from the Burlington Arcade where table silver, which will be presented to Prince and Princess Pavlos of Greece, was on view. Every Grecian village contributed to this wedding present, and like good allies, they bought it in England. Rumanian-born hostesses, other than ultra-chic Lady Derwent, are rare, so the afternoon party given by Captain and Mrs. J. E. H. Platt (she being a daughter of General Mikeson of Bukarest) had something unusual to it, apart from the music which was superb, but for some lightweights, overpowering. Mrs. Platt and Professore Leandro Criscuolo, an Italian *maestro*, who will soon be known here through the B.B.C., played a Schumann *concerto* for two pianos which was so tremendous that Colonel Percy Battye, late Welsh Guards, removed his eyeglass before it was shattered. Several Guardsmen, former brother officers of "Ernie" Platt (who has lived at his show place at Alassio for many years) appeared to be stunned, and Lady Elibank, confessed that some of the playing was above her ears—a good expression. Both the hostess and the Professore are remarkable artistes. Later Mrs. Platt played Chopin's *baciarolle* among easier pieces, and the Professore some of Mrs. Platt's compositions which could not be more contrapuntal, but have reassuringly lucid names like "*L'été sur les fleurs de mon jardin*." This one reminded me that Phoebe Fenwick Gaye, one of the highbrow young women on Lady Rhondda's weekly, has written a book which may put Beverley Nichols in the shade, called "Week-end Garden," being a record of experiences gained from a country



WINNERS AT RANELAGH

The Royal Navy team, consisting of (from left) Sub-Lieutenant Lord Milford Haven, Commander H. W. Williams, Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten and Captain C. E. Lambe, which beat the Royal Air Force by 4 goals to 3 in the annual match for the Duke of York's Cup, played at Ranelagh last week. Captain Lambe, a member of the R.N. team, captained by Lord Louis Mountbatten, which so nearly won the Inter-Regimental of 1936, had not even had a practice game for two years, but soon warmed up to his best form. A grand match, with the Royal Air Force leading by one goal at half time



A ROYAL PRESENTATION

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester presenting a trophy to Sub-Lieutenant Lord Milford Haven, Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten's nephew, who played No. 1 for the winning Royal Navy team in the Duke of York's Cup match and showed that he has come on a lot. Air Vice-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester was going very well as No. 1 for the R.A.F. who, with Air Vice-Marshal Baldwin as star turn, gave the opposition a much harder row to hoe than was expected

cottage and garden in Suffolk. Eileen, Lady Gormanston, who was at this *musicale* looking young and charmingly turned out, said that a cottage and a garden in Berkshire are a delight to daughter "Toinette," who looks so like her, and son-in-law Peter Lunn. The solo pianist at Lady Knox's at Governor's House, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, was young Miss Jewel Evans, who is thought to be on the threshold of a distinguished musical career. Through her grandmother,

who takes music seriously, though not professionally, Signorina Liane de Facci Negrati, whose father is at the Italian Embassy, has driven herself to Bayreuth, where the musical Meusers, the late Lady Huntly's nice little great-nieces, may follow up. Diplomats daughters are almost invariably talented; Miss Peggy Lane, daughter of the U.S. Minister to Yugoslavia, is no exception. She is back at Belgrade having arranged her own sensationally beautiful photographs in the Yugoslav Pavilion at the World's Fair. Miss Lane stopped off in Paris at her old school, where Lady Selby of the locket-shaped face and auburn hair, was also polished, as Veronica Briscoe-George. In great looks, Lady Selby was lunching at Claridge's with Miss Blanche Rowe who owns almost as many ensembles as Queen Elizabeth. This slim Irish horsewoman is now much *en vue*. So is one of the most glamorous creatures I have ever seen, Miss Eileen Florey from Hollywood, who is not in movies, or on the stage, but stays at the Savoy in a millionaire suite with a *duenna*. She looks like Garbo and Hepburn and Iya, Lady Abdy (who went to the Racine Ball as a *fantôme* from Versailles, with a sable shroud covering her face, and *diamanté* eyes) but fairer. If it is your lucky day Miss Florey will be lunching, duly chaperoned, in the Grill, where Mr. W. H. Gull represents the city; shy Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte the Savoy itself, and Major Sir George Prescott, White's, whose members find the Ritz more convenient. But the noon boom is now at Claridge's, where



RACING NOTABLES

Lord Sefton and Miss Monica Sheriffe, owners both, with Captain Boyd-Rochfort, of training fame, at the Newmarket sales last week. Lord Sefton, appointed a member of the Jockey Club (and of the National Hunt Committee) three years ago, was nominated to Stewardship this spring

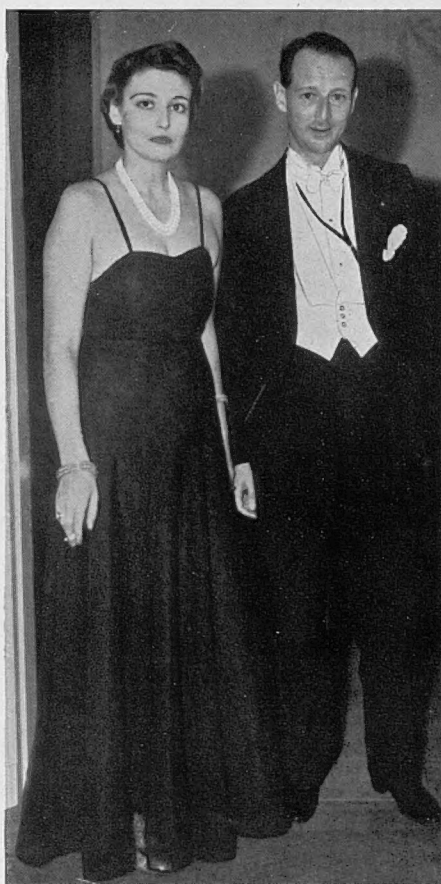
And the World said—

continues

Charles acknowledges compliments with this touch of philosophy—"If dinner was as good as lunch, business would be too good." Lady Charles Cavendish, in one of the scarf trimmed hats, was looking pathetically frail, but she talked with animation to Mrs. Armstrong Gwynne, who went to the Mendl party in the same adorable white tulle and ribbon dress as a débutante, Mlle. Hélène-Marie de Limur, and a bride, Madame Michel Dassonville, née Florrie Owen. Some smart women like wearing the same number; to others this is incomprehensible. The smartest, Mrs. "Reggie" Fellowes, was at Claridge's too, in a sporting mauve suit, and I liked the schoolgirl simplicity of her débutante daughter's navy blue sailor, on the back of her flowing dark hair. She greeted one of our best-dressed women, Mrs. "Charlie" Mills, whose style is, nevertheless, entirely different—less *costumé*. The inimitable "Daisy" took her daughter to the Holland House and the Blenheim Palace balls. At the former Captain Victor Cazalet engaged the Queen in a long conversation after a series of mandarin-like bows, and then acted as escort to the Queen of Spain; while at the Marlboroughs' H.R.H. the Duke of Kent danced with his hostess, but his royal duchess neither wore yellow, nor danced with her host, as a Sunday column extemporized, for the simple reason that she was still in the midlands.

* * *

At Claridge's handsome Miss Elyse King was escorted by Captain Stephen Van Neck, Chief Constable for Norfolk, who is no relation to Lord Huntingfield's brother, Captain Andrew Vanneck. Lord Westmorland, the Finnish Minister, Mr. David Herbert and Mr. "Andy" Jergens also lunched. The last named is the Cincinnati beauty products millionaire who grows almost as fine orchids in his Palm Beach *patio* as Sir Jeremiah Colman. And he employs Walter Winchell for Jergen's radio hour. "Andy" stayed at Madresfield with Lord and Lady Beauchamp, the same weekend as Senhorita Sylvia Régis de Oliveira who is an adroit diplomatist. No sooner did I suggest that she is about to become engaged than she remarked to Charles Graves how amazing it is that after going to the cinema only once or twice in company with Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, their engagement was rumoured. Maybe it was, but not by me. For one thing I hardly ever go to the cinema and am confident, as the tipsters say, that a dashing Frenchman will prove to be the lucky *fiancé*. Mlle. Jacqueline Cartier's *fiancé*, to whom this speedy St. Moritz ski-er is being married on the 29th at Shelter Island, off the end of Long Island, belongs to the American aristocracy, than which there is none better. Young Mr. Sylvester Prime went to Harvard, and is a member of the New York Union Club (which has the social standing of Brooks's, and then some) and of the Mayflower Society, the Colonial Lords of Manors, the

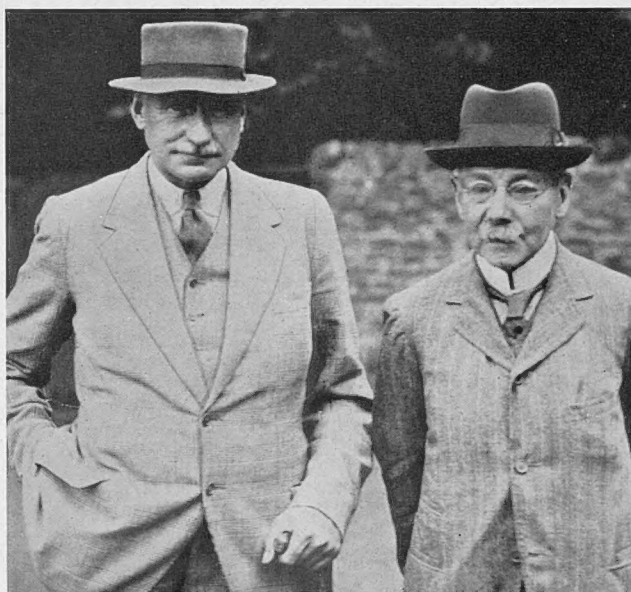


LORD AND LADY TREDEGAR

Photographed on arrival at a "Continental Supper Dance" in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital for which Mrs. Littlejohn Cooke lent her house, 20 Upper Grosvenor Street. The marriage of Lord Tredegar to Princess Olga Dolgorouky took place in Singapore in March, and their honeymoon, from which they are not long back, was spent mostly in the island of Bali, where the artistic and literary owner of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, has a house

Huguenot Society, and the Society of the Colonial Wars. His ancestors include Nathaniel Sylvester, the first owner of Shelter Island, where the family still lives, and Colonel de Tousard who went over with Lafayette. He is related to the Coxs and the Hares of Philadelphia which recalls the chestnut about the three cities, not unlike ours about Eton, Harrow and Winchester. In Philadelphia they want to know who the visitor is; in Boston how much he knows; and in New York how much he has got; breeding, intellect and scratch. The oddest tale going round the American Embassy garden party was true. The wife of an official, with another American went to the royal visit newsreel. Behind them were two men talking German, who made hateful comments which the American ladies understood and protested against, as hotly as if the President, not the King, was being insulted. In the ensuing hullabaloo, which, unlike Winston's nephew's row at *The Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, escaped the public prints, both men got away, as they say of common thieves. Mrs. Kennedy looked a picture in the fashionable pale grey; Fanny Ward amazing in vivid purple. Others were Mrs. Offley-Shaw, who has an apartment at Hampton Court; Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, and "Johnny" Page-Blair, who is less than half American, with his wife; both radiant about their happy event, timed for Guy Fawkes week, which is when Leonard Govett and his stylish American-born wife, who is wearing the new black curtain hat, are expecting theirs. The Page-Blairs were at the vast luncheon given by Mr. Clarence Hewes, former U.S. diplomatist, who later relaxed at Lady Butterfield's dance where the Duca del Monte (whose American-born wife was at the Platt party) danced with the American-born hostess. Where would European caterers be without American hostesses? The answer is in the soup. I enjoyed Lady Butterfield's tea party for twelve American college girls even more. They were amused by *Here Comes the*

Bride after seeing the U.S. version. We asked if they considered Luise Rainer an English actress (laughter) and begged them to see Marie Tempest who should be listed with the monuments, of which they had already assimilated too many. "It's swell, but I'm stunned" was the verdict. On the other side every one is stunned by the World's Fair, and delirious over Tallulah's play; the smash hit of her career. And she is happily married, and Sir "Tony" Lindsay-Hogg has got a good job with an advertising agency in New York, and Rex Evans has lost weight doing the Fair. Here Beatrice Lillie is the only smash cabaret hit, which is hardly news, but her big dressing-room contains more celebrities per cubic foot than any other. Walter Crisnam (who used to dance with thistledown Dorothy Plunket) Dorothy Dickson, Ethel Levy, Lady Milford Haven and Thelma, Lady Furness made one of "Bea's" impromptu gatherings. The ever-alluring Thelma was guest of honour at Dr. Gavin's cocktail party which chic General Trotter also attended.



Clapperton

A BORDER JUBILEE OCCASION

On July 12, the day of their Puppy show, the Lauderdale Hunt celebrated a great occasion, their Jubilee Year. Here are Major R. W. Sharpe, the present Master of this famous Border pack, with Mr. C. Scott-Plummer, its co-founder, with his brother, in 1889, Master up till 1910, and as keenly interested as ever in the best game of all which he knows from A to Z

LADY BROUGHTON AND HER "ZOO"



SIGNS OF
JEALOUSY.
(ON RIGHT): LADY
BROUGHTON AND
"MISS GIBBS"



LADY BROUGHTON WITH HER TRAUPILS

TEMPTING THE CASSOWARY WITH A BANANA

Photos: Swaebe

Lady Broughton, the much-travelled wife of Sir Delves Broughton, has a passion for introducing the rarer species of wild animals and birds into her Cheshire home, Doddington Park, and here are a few which journeyed back with her from the many and various expeditions to foreign parts she has made during the last few years. In the top picture will be found a quite new arrival, a little Sackiwinkie monkey who brought her diminutive baby with her, and usually carries it on her back. It seems that Sackiwinkies have their jealous moments, but the feathered friend, a Traupil, is giving as good as it gets. Traupils are natives of Brazil, and have brilliant orange plumage. They make queer croaking noises when contributing to conversation. Now meet Miss Gibbs, the Gibbon, who has been several years at Doddington Park, and is quite one of the family. She often walks around with her owner and possesses a most friendly disposition. The Cassowary, known as "The Chicken," who was brought home from the interior of New Guinea, is inclined to be aloof but unbends to a banana. Incidentally, game and other English wild birds find happy sanctuary on Sir Delves Broughton's estate, for no shooting is permitted there.

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Detective Films

THEORETICALLY I adore detective stories, but I can never find any to suit my palate. Too many of them commit the cardinal blunder of finding the solution of the mystery in some fact or facts concealed, not deducible from those presented to the reader. The only writer of my acquaintance who is above reproach in this matter is G. K. Chesterton whose "Father Brown" concoctions remain masterpieces of logic. In these every fact essential to the unravelling of the skein is exposed; indeed, the story is nothing less than a challenge to the deductive faculties of the reader. I have not seen these entrancing tales for some years now, and forget whether their author prefatorily pointed out their singular quality. It would be extraordinarily unlike Chesterton to have omitted to do so. It may be that the latest writers in this genre follow the principle laid down here. I can only say that I have read very few of their works, since in my view a detective story should be something short which can be read between dinner and bed, and not a full-length picture of society which you cannot possibly finish before Tuesday week. By which time you have forgotten whether the cat burglar telephoned the steeplejack before or after the latter had adjusted the weather-vane!

The story of which I am so weary goes something like this. A stout, unhealthy-looking individual, half sea captain, half retired butler, is digging in his back garden in the Earl's Court Road. A piece of paper, weighted by a stone, falls at his feet. It is marked with a scarlet circle containing the single word DOOM. (Why would-be assassins are so prodigal of warning escapes me!) Blodgers, now a jelly of fear, consults Hawk, the famous 'tec, whom he finds in the act of playing the fiddle to his friend, Sparrow. The piece is Dvořák's "Humoresque." Hawk commands Blodgers to go about his business in the usual manner, but to visit on his way home a tea shop and a public house, and to get his hair cut. "Your life, Mr. Blodgers," says Hawk solemnly, "is as safe as the Army Bank in which Sparrow and I have invested our life savings and war gratuities." Blodgers does as he is told. Hawk, armed with a bull's-eye lantern—in case the November day should turn foggy—and Sparrow—unarmed save for a complete ignorance of London—follow. At the tea shop they notice an individual who differs from the ordinary insurance broker only in this, that he is swarthy and ill-shaven, wears ear-rings and a sombrero, has some cut of the sea about him, a single leg, and one piercing eye. He keeps this fixed upon Blodgers and, when that good man leaves, calls for his bill in Spanish. Otherwise, he is unremarkable. He is observed to follow Blodgers into the pub and the barber's saloon, whence he emerges shaven but otherwise as before. "I should not be surprised, Sparrow," says Hawk, "if this were our man. Excuse me a moment." And he slips into a neighbouring telegraph office. Six hours later Hawk has the gang laid by the heels, to Sparrow's stupefaction. Not for nothing has that eagle eye spied the word "Odontic" scribbled, in Spanish, on the bill of fare handled by our sinister friend; written in the dust of "Minoru's Derby" hanging on the tap-room wall; scrawled on the front page of the barber's current TATLER! Not idly has the great man scanned the "arrivals" in yesterday's column devoted to the mercantile marine. It has been the work of a second to connect the ill-omened stranger with the S.S. *Odontic*, arrived the day before from Trincomalee, to wire the chief of police of that outlandish spot—to whom Hawk had been of service in the Case of the Mis-laid Eunuch—to receive a reply confirming the shrewd notion that the Spaniard is the head of the Throttling Three, an association of Trincomalee thugs with whose life savings an Englishman tallying with Blodgers has recently absconded. The wire concludes with a description of the two other throttlers—for whose benefit our Spanish friend has left traces of passage—sufficiently ample to serve Scotland Yard, and with expressions of goodwill and best wishes for Christmas. On hearing of the arrests Blodgers falls dead from delight mingled with heart disease. The reader will observe that until the denouement he has been presented with no facts beyond the simple one of a gentleman who digs in his garden, receives an unusual letter, and is dogged by an obvious organ grinder.

In "The Hound of the Baskervilles," Conan Doyle kept much closer to the correct Chestertonian model, and the film at the Gaumont follows the book fairly closely. It is quite obvious from the start—as it should be—what the problem is. The old tenant of the Brontesque Baskerville Hall has obviously been done to death by foul means, and equally obviously the same fate awaits the young tenant.

Now who can be desirous of putting the reigning Baskerville out of the way? Can it be Dr. Morrison, made extraordinarily sinister by that good actor, Lionel Atwill? Why this doctor married his cook is not quite clear, unless it be that she has to be a medium and that most mediums are of the cooking persuasion! Can the villain be the butler who is unable to hand round after-dinner coffee without suggesting strychnine? Or the housekeeper, his wife, who looks like twenty Miss Murdstones rolled together and then entrusted with the functions of Peggotty? Why do they signal with lamps to a figure on the moor at the dead of night? The explanation that the person signalled to is the housekeeper's brother, a murderer on the run whom they are succouring, is quite good enough for detective-story purposes. Can the villain be the glib and affable young neighbour, Stapleton? As I remember it, the Stapleton of the book was a much more mysterious personage with a penchant for collecting butterflies. Anyway, it is a good puzzle, and well maintains the interest for the hour and a half of its unfolding. Basil Rathbone plays Sherlock Holmes very well indeed, and looks reasonably like that great man. Nigel Bruce is an excellent but rather insufficiently stupid Dr. Watson. That medico would never have detected Sherlock Holmes when he forgot himself and started limping on the wrong foot. And perhaps Watson would never have committed this elementary blunder. If somebody writes to say that this incident occurs precisely so in the book, I shall offer the usual handsome apologies. The only thing which disturbed me in connexion with the film at the Gaumont was the attitude of the young people in the audience whom I took to be faintly sniffy about Holmes



ANN SHERIDAN

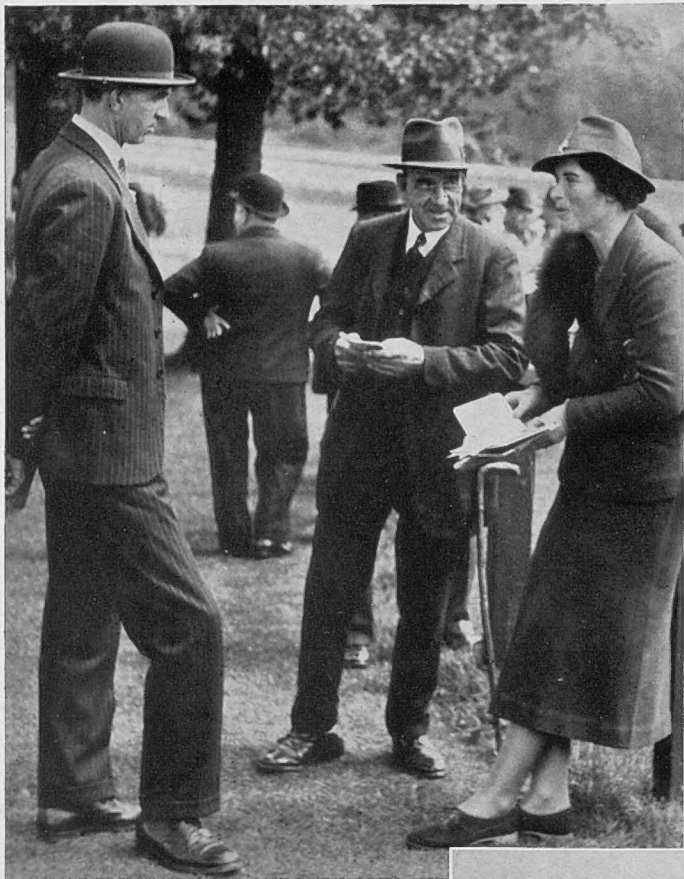
This attractive person was recently voted the most glamorous American screen personality, and she now has her first stellar rôle in Walter Wanger's production of *Winter Carnival*. In this picture she plays the part of an American heiress, who on her way back from getting a divorce at Reno, arrives at Dartmouth College (New Hampshire) at the time of the students' winter carnival. There she meets Richard Carlson whom she jilted six years ago, and decides she has made a mistake and would like to rectify it. Most of the picture deals with her efforts to convince him that she is serious

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD



H.M. THE KING INSPECTING HIS BODYGUARD

At the conclusion of the Investiture at Buckingham Palace last week H.M. The King inspected his bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard which were drawn up in the grounds of the Palace under the Captaincy of Colonel The Lord Templemore. This very venerable corps, which gave Gilbert and Sullivan copy for the best English light opera ever produced, wear a uniform dating from the time of King Edward VI. Lord Templemore was appointed to command them in 1934



CHEPSTOW SUMMER MEETING

Racegoers who saw Sylphide win the Chepstow Stakes on the first day of the meeting, did so in a downpour, but the second day, on which the above photograph was taken, proved a bit better. Mr. G. P. Williams, Master of the Four Burrow Hounds, and his wife are seen having a talk with John Jackson, Kennel Huntsman to the late Sir Edward Currie, for twenty-five years, during which time the famous white foxhounds were bred. Mr. Williams has had the Four Burrow pack since 1922

I DON'T know that I have ever been flat racing on a worse day than the Thursday at Bibury since Troytown's National, and one meeting at Goodwood, the date of which I can't remember. In those days before the "blower" became part of the installation on every racecourse, the course end used to be in some nearby house visible from Tattersalls ring. There being no houses round Goodwood and no telephones, the "blower" operator used to sit on Trundle Hill and transmit messages sent by flags, smoke fires, drum beating or whatever method was used in those primitive days, from Chichester. So bad was the weather and so low were the clouds that Trundle Hill suddenly became completely invisible from the ring, leaving the signaller on the hill stuck up with a "monkey" for a good thing of de Mestre's in the opening selling, which connected with some ease at 8 to 1. With the march of modern science this sort of thing is no longer possible, and the simple expedient adopted by a syndicate of cutting the "blower" wires five minutes before the "off" (and incidentally getting beat to blazes) is nowadays not so simple. It was at this same Goodwood meeting that while leaving the course one of the "boys" leaned into the car and pinched the race glasses of a friend to whom I was giving a lift. Built considerably more for comfort than speed and reclining in the depths of my luxuriously appointed car (second-hand

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

on the never-never), my friend was completely "cast," and with his arms and legs waving in the air had all the appearance of a wood louse on its back. By the time that gibbering with indignation he had assumed the vertical the thief had melted into the crowd. The sequel to these stories over the dinner table is always the return of the property with an anonymous note of apology, but in this case it was not so. Introduced to the O.C. robberies, Tatts, "Silver bank" and Paddock they ordered an immediate investigation and swore an oath, broke a plate and blew out a match that the theft was not the work of one of their organization but of some low scoundrelly "pirate."

I am told that despite the appalling day the figures were not much down at Bibury, due to the admirable new covered stands in the six-shilling ring, which were packed to overflowing by those who spring the extra three bob to get under cover. It would seem that on the comforts of the six bob rings and the Tote takings of their florin bets the finance of racecourses will depend more and more, and several courses have spent a lot of money on these amenities.

Races which rather seem to defeat their own object and are boring to a degree are these, possibly £1,000, races closing even as far back as 1936. Presumably the idea is to encourage owners to keep their horses to be staying three-year-olds, and incidentally by having a forfeit every six months to get the race for nothing. In the event any horse worth keeping in training all that time has earned prohibitive penalties and is struck out, and the race is contested by two or possibly

three moderate animals, the property of rich owners who don't have to calculate their forfeits, and left in by trainers who do have to calculate their ten per cent. Would not smaller penalties and allowances and later entries produce better fields and racing? The riding in the "bumper" races at Bibury seemed as a whole to be considerably better than eight or ten years ago when the stamina of the horse was a minor consideration compared with that of the rider. Nowadays the form is so much truer that handicappers take rather more notice of these events, even if they combine the results with an unofficial handicap of the jockeys. Could it have been for this reason that a certain very astute trainer engaged one of the better known amateurs to ride a horse which he produced in such a state of obesity that his tail looked like the stalk sticking out of an apple?

Newmarket second July meeting was as crowded as the first meeting, but the going having hardened up and the stables beginning to feel the strain of the season, runners weren't too plentiful. By the time this appears the Eclipse Stakes and two cases in the courts will have been decided. Whereas in the Eclipse there is an allowance for sex, His Majesty's judges are not so broad-minded. I sincerely

hope that Blue Peter will win and show himself the great horse I believe him to be. As the controversy over the rider of Scottish Union cannot concern me any more than it can any other scribe there is no comment to be made.

* * *

Stewards' Cup acceptances: Old Reliance, Caerleptic, America, Shalflleet, Ambrose Light, Carnival Boy, Foxborough II, Neuvy, Knight's Caprice, Linklater, Roulade, Rue de la Paix, Davy, Dolittle, Antecedent, Lynedoch, Colonel Payne, Mixture, Harmachis, Fast Step, Lovely Woman, Quartier-Maitre, Serelia, Glucose, Squadron Castle, Bygone, Ajar, Scotland For Ever, Ethland, Cosaque, Ipswich, Gunter, Genesis, Gold and Blue, Mind Your Step.



Photo: Truman Howell

MORE CHEPSTOW PERSONALITIES

The above group, who appear to be trying to pick the elusive winner, consists of Mrs. Hugo Boothby, daughter of Mr. H. C. Homfray, who has had the Glamorganshire Hounds since 1934, Miss Arbell Mackintosh, Mr. Hastings Clay, a former Master of the Wye Valley Otterhounds, and Mr. Hugo Boothby, Sir Seymour Boothby's heir. Miss Arbell Mackintosh, is a niece of the present Duke of Devonshire, and by her mother's first marriage a granddaughter of the late Mackintosh of Mackintosh



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM:
MR. AND MRS. R. P. P. SMYLY

MISS DIANA MILLS MARRIES MR. R. P. P. (PAT) SMYLY



MISS MAUREEN MILLER MUNDY, AND
MAJOR GODFREY MILLER MUNDY TALKING
TO THE HON. MRS. MARCUS PELHAM



THE HON. MRS. PATRICK BELLEW (RIGHT)
AND HER SON JOHN JEREMY



NEWLY MARRIED: LADY HOWLAND
WITH MISS PEGGIE JOHNSON



HUSBAND AND WIFE-TO-BE: LADY JEAN DUNDAS
AND MR. H. L. CHRISTIE



LORD CARNEGIE AND LADY
MAUD CARNEGIE

Lovely, that often misused adjective, really did apply to Lord Hillingdon's kinswoman, Miss Diana Mills, whose father, Mr. H. C. G. Mills, lives in New York, when she married Mr. Pat Smyly, son of the late Major and Mrs. R. J. Smyly, at St. Margaret's. The bridegroom is in the 13th/18th Hussars, and it was an effective idea to dress the pages in miniature regimentals. One of these smart young gentlemen, the two-year-old son of the Hon. "Paddy" Bellew, brilliantly funny artist, will be found above. Amongst others at the very crowded reception in Stanhope Gate our camera encountered, Lady Maud Carnegie, sister of Princess Arthur of Connaught, and her husband; Major Godfrey Miller Mundy, former Squire of Shipley Hall, Derby, talking to Lord Penrhyn's sister; Lady Howland, the erstwhile Mrs. Hollway, who married the Duke of Bedford's grandson this spring; and, obviously very pleased with each other, Lord Zetland's youngest daughter, Lady Jean Dundas, and her fiancé, Mr. Hector Christie, only son of Mr. Christie, of famous Jervaulx Abbey. Quite likely these two were discussing their own wedding, the date of which has not been announced at the time of going to press

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

These Summer Days.

I LIVE in a part of the world where the air is wonderful, and there is scarcely a tree! Trees, nowadays, are not popular with town councils, though, by their personal appearance, a compulsory contemplation of a few trees would doubtless increase their spiritual vision—or wouldn't it? I love trees, which perhaps is one of the reasons why fate has thrust me into a desert of bareness punctuated by raggle-taggle housing estates. Give me a summer day, a vista of quiet fields and rolling tree-covered hills in front of me—absolute solitude, except for the companionship of the animal world (which so rarely disturbs), and you can keep the entire list of organised entertainments, both private and public, with every radio wave-length thrown in. Thus, happily, I can echo the lines of Walt Whitman—one among the "gems" included in that "gem" of a book, "The Junior Week-End Book" (Gollancz; 6s.), written and compiled by J. R. Evans, and included in the chapter entitled "Poems that needn't be skipped." If you don't know them, here they are:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid
and self-contain'd;
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;
Not one is dissatisfied: not one is demented with the mania
of owning things;
Not one kneels to another, nor to his own kind that lived
thousands of years ago;
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

I was just in the mood for reading lines like these, for I read them this time as I was sitting under a tree, with nothing in front of me but the featureless, yet charming, landscape of the Midlands—vivid in its colouring of late spring. Was ever a spring so beautiful as this spring of 1939? Or is it that as one gets on-and-on each spring seems lovelier than the last? No, I don't think so. Not altogether, because I have asked other people their opinion, and it has coincided with mine. It is as if God were trying His best to make up to His children for having newspapers and news-bulletins, and for having so many men and women rampaging all over the place self-inflated by their own political ideas. Each so noisy and so angry and so deafeningly industrious. It was like spending a long day in Heaven just to sit under a tree and do nothing. Or, rather, having plenty which ought to be done, and not doing it: which is one of the facets of pure enjoyment.

Duty lay beside me in the form of three books. The aforementioned "Junior Week-End Book," Peter Cheyney's volume of short stories, "Knave Takes Queen" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), and "The God with Four Arms" (Barker; 7s. 6d.), by H. T. W. Bousfield—another book of short stories. Well, they should be read, I said to myself. But not now. Not relentlessly until each was finished, as books which have to be reviewed quickly have to be read. No, I would read a few pages from time to time, in between my peaceful contemplation of cows, of listening to the birds singing, of watching the fleecy clouds glide lazily over a blue sky, of just letting the eye wander here and there, sometimes accompanied by the mind; at other times each following separately its own bland inclination. With no one to jar the solitude by any apropos remark, or to suggest that by doing something different the time might pass with more excitement. Only a verdant sunlit scene wherever I might chance to gaze; only pleasant sounds to listen to—the whisper of a breeze through the grass, the sounds of a dog barking in such far distance that it ceased to be one of the ugliest, most aggressive noises in all the animal world—if one excepts a bad-tempered baby. So I lay beneath a tree, utterly gone to pieces so far as getting-up-and-getting-something-done is concerned, but beautifully creative in the way peace and solitude creates.

Nevertheless, such is the force of dull, estimable habit, I did keep opening the books I had intended to read when I came out, and I did find that "The Junior Week-End Book" fitted in with my mood as well as any unread book could be expected to do—unless luck were astonishingly in. There is so much in it, and none of it is ever there too long. And it answered so many questions which I have never yet dared to



Paul Tanqueray

ETHEL MANNIN, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST AND JOURNALIST

A striking photograph of this very clever authoress, the original of which is included in the exhibition of photographs by Paul Tanqueray which opened at his studios on July 6 for three weeks. The latest work to come from Ethel Mannin's well-known pen is "Privileged Spectator," which is a sequel to "Confessions and Impressions." This autobiography, which makes very good, and at times most amusing, reading, is mostly an account of the writer's travels and the way and the circumstances in which many of her novels came to be written

ask, being of an age when I should be expected to know the replies. For instance, all about ships and signalling, nautical terms and how to tie knots and hitches and bends; and the deaf and dumb alphabet and tramps' secret signs; and the names and formation of the stars in their courses, and how to read church architecture as if it were a history book, and who won the various Test matches from the year 1876, and which is heavier—a pound of feathers or a pound of gold. And the haunting jingle of such lines as:

Lizzie Borden with an axe
Hit her father forty whacks.
When she saw what she had done,
She hit her mother forty-one.

And all about the fauna and flora of the countryside, and how best to camp and tramp; how to swim and how to make a boat; and how to make a garden, how to skate and wrestle, and how to make toffee; and how to amuse your guests when you give a youthful party, either inside or out, and how to keep yourself amused when you have said to yourself, "Don't let's have a party." How to look after and care for cats and dogs and other pets, and how to make things and collect shells, stamps, cigarette-cards, etc., etc., but *not* bird's eggs.

And, apart from all these delightfully readable things, extracts from "Robinson Crusoe," "Treasure Island," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominics," and "The Last Days of Captain Scott," as printed from his Journal. And, oh, so many more things—songs that are good to sing, alone or together, but especially together. Fun and interest and laughter and a whole gold-mine of varied information. Not only the junior counterpart of the famous "Week-End Book," but a companion volume, presumably designed for the Junior, but I am certain they will have to fight the Seniors to obtain it. For it is a book for all ages—the keen young as well as the keen elderly. I don't know which will enjoy it more. As the dust-cover warns the juniors: "Boys and girls are advised not to

(Continued on page 104.)



AT MOOR PARK: LADY BRECKNOCK, ORGANISER, SETTING OFF FOR THE FIRST TEE WITH MRS. JOHN LEONARD



SISTER COMPETITORS: LADY MILFORD HAVEN AND LADY ZIA WERNHER

Many golf "tigers," as well as less formidable but equally enthusiastic competitors, were concerned with the tournament organised at Moor Park by Lady Brecknock in aid of her pet charity, the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Warwickshire's polo International, Mr. John Lakin, and his fiancée, Lord Cowdray's youngest sister, were being asked about their wedding, which takes place at Chelsea Old Church on August 10, and Lady Zia Wernher had to answer many enquiries about her husband, who broke a collarbone when playing for his Someries House team at Ranelagh a few days earlier. Hard luck indeed. "Hard luck, Kay. There's always next year," was also heard on all sides

PLAYING GOLF FOR CHARITY



MR. JOHN LAKIN AND HIS FIANCÉE, THE HON. DAPHNE PEARSON



PLAYING GOLF FOR A CHANGE: MISS KAY STAMMERS WITH MR. M. MENZIES

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

let the book fall into the hands of their parents. They might enjoy it too much to bear to part with it again." That just about sums up the quality of the new "Week-End Book." My own opinion is that they certainly will if the juniors let them get hold of it.

Stylishly Written Stories.

No, I did not read "Knave Takes Queen" under the tree in the far-away fields. When I learned that it was written after the manner of Michael Arlen I knew it was not that kind of book. In Hyde Park, perhaps; in a garden with some handmaiden bringing you presently an iced cocktail—well and good. But not within the peaceful shade of hedges, with the radiant fields golden with mustard flowers as if ablaze with captured sunlight. So I kept it for a more appropriate circumstance—in the train returning home. It passed the long journey very pleasantly. The story of Honoria Dove-Mellifleur is fairly typical of the writer's manner of approach, and if it amuses you, as it amused me, you will enjoy the book enormously. But you should be appreciative of manner rather than matter. Not that the plots are trite or even far-fetched, but their charm lies in the way they are told rather than in what they tell.

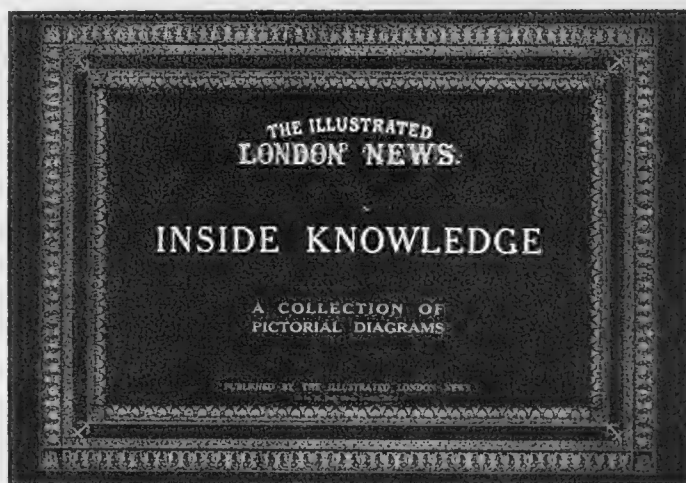
Thus, for example: "Placed, at the age of three and one-half weeks, in a strong paper bag and suspended by an indifferent piece of string from the brass knocker of the Walter Begrancy Foundling Home by a parent whose disinterest in Lambert may be surmised, he had, on the door being opened and the string broken, fallen out of the bag on to his head, a process which, far from causing him any harm, merely produced a bump which, in after years, was held by an eminent phrenologist to indicate a desire to travel." And again: "Why a wife should compete with a mistress I do not know; for the very necessity for competition would appear to prove that the wife has already lost what she possessed, and has therefore nothing to gain. Her opportunity for competition should, surely, precede the appearance of a mistress, which is impossible, as in that event she would have nothing to compete with."

"So we see that in any event wives must perforce experience continuous connubial difficulties, their only hope being to be mistresses and wives simultaneously, which is a great strain on the imagination, but whereby they may possibly gain on the swings what they are likely to lose on the roundabouts." Incidentally, the mysterious character of a certain Mr. Krasinsky, who haunts each episode to clarify perplexities and is a symbol of the actual desire or thought behind the façade of

trying to do the right thing, lends to these episodes a kind of mental "twist" which, so to speak, puts neon lights around what might otherwise appear ordinary events. The book will thoroughly entertain you, especially if you read it slowly. (A huge compliment, this, to the author's way of writing.) But I would advise you not to read it all the way through at one sitting, otherwise it may give you the impression of having asked for a *crème-de-menthe* and being given it in a tumbler—full.

"INSIDE KNOWLEDGE."

OUR readers will be interested to know that a large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings which have been published from time to time in *The Illustrated London News* are now available in collected form in a special publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, each measuring over three feet wide. They show British warship types—a Battleship, a Cruiser, a Flotilla-Leader, a Submarine, and an Aircraft-carrier—and there is a centre-piece showing the R.M.S. "Queen Mary."



THE DARK-BLUE "LEATHER" COVER MEASURES 20½ IN. BY 14½ IN. AND BEARS THE TITLE IN A GOLD BORDER DESIGN DERIVED FROM THE BINDING OF A VOLUME WHICH BELONGED TO THE SAILOR KING, WILLIAM IV.

Other interesting diagrammatic drawings explain the Wonders of Television; How Photographs are sent by Radio; a Giant Air-liner for 40 passengers; Aviation Principles as used by Birds and Fishes; Aviation Achievements; How Wireless Beacons Guide Ships in Fog; How Wireless Waves Guide Aeroplanes; Gas-holders and how they Work; Lightships and how they Work; Warships of the Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. periods; Aeroplane types of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy; Gliders and Sailplanes; Air Raid Defence; and many other subjects of absorbing interest. "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE" costs three shillings and sixpence (or by post Inland 4/3, Foreign and Eire 4/6). Orders with remittances may be sent to The Publisher, *The Illustrated London News*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Mr. Bousfield's Stories.

On the other hand, "The God with Four Arms" is an excellent collection of short stories of which the plot is everything and the writing a brisk accompaniment, gay and always to the point. They may only be of the magazine class, but they are of the very best of that kind of short story. Their great quality is their variety. They never repeat themselves. In each the scene is different, the characters are fresh, and never a plot which has not a surprising twist towards the end which brings the climax down on a first-rate curtain. Under the circumstances of a long train-journey or the promise of a dull afternoon, these short stories will provide a delightful switch-over to forgetfulness-by-entertainment.

Spate of Murder.

"Murder is Easy" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Agatha Christie is not up to her best form, but it will lose her no followers. When I realised that her famous detective, M. Hercule Poirot, was not to appear I was rather relieved, until I discovered that his successor, Luke Fitzwilliam, a retired policeman from the Mayang States, was much less picturesque and rather more stupid than clever. Well, the

story starts in a railway compartment occupied by Fitzwilliam and a very strange old lady. They begin to talk, and it transpires that the old woman is on her way to London to report to Scotland Yard a whole series of murders, disguised as accidents, which had recently occurred in her village. Fitzwilliam listens, but dismisses her in his mind as being more than a little "touched."

However, when next day he reads in the newspaper that she has been run over while crossing Whitehall his interest is aroused. He goes down to the village, and, once there, is quickly involved in a whole series of mysterious crimes as well as in a love-affair with the fiancée of a wealthy newspaper proprietor of incredible unreality. Well, the trouble with these murders is that, though they take place, they never seem to be properly explained, and so the clues rarely seem to lead anywhere. However, not demanding of Mrs. Christie to be in her most ingenious mood, her latest story will give you some hours of fairly exciting entertainment.

LADY ST. JOHN OF BLETSO'S DANCE FOR MISS DAVISON



SIR GIFFORD FOX AND LADY MANSFIELD



Paul Tanqueray
THE EVENING'S HEROINE:
MISS DOREEN DAVISON



THE HON. LADY FOX AND LORD MANSFIELD

ON THE LOGGIA: LADY PATRICIA
FRENCH AND MR. R. W. GRUBBPRINCE OBOLENSKY AND MISS KATHLEEN
CROFTON SIT OUT IN THE GARDENMISS ELIZABETH HOULDSWORTH AND
SIR HENRY ASTLEY-CORBETT

Last week Lady St. John of Bletso, stepmother of the present Lord St. John of Bletso, gave a splendid dance for Miss Doreen Davison, the exceedingly pretty daughter of Mrs. Malcolm Arbuthnot and the late Mr. George Davison. This party spread out from Lady St. John's own house, 5, Ennismore Gardens, into those of her courteous neighbours, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Glyn and Mrs. Mason at No. 4, and Colonel and Mrs. Nation at No. 6, so guests had plenty of room to dance and sup, as well as delightful gardens to sit out in. In the beautifully dressed company the arrival of longer waists was noticeable. For examples, see the Hon. Lady Fox, wife of the Member for Henley, Lady Patricia French, Lord De Freyne's eldest sister, and Miss Kathleen Crofton, one of whose partners was the speedy Oxford Rugby Blue, Prince Obolensky. Lady Mansfield, down from Perthshire with her husband, did not affect this new fashion, but looked extremely *chic* and charming, nevertheless. Sir Henry Astley-Corbett, one of the many patrons of garden chairs for sitting out, recently succeeded his grandfather, Sir Francis, as fifth baronet. Distinguished givers of dinner-parties for this dance included several members of the Diplomatic Corps



A FOURSOME UP NORTH

Mr. R. H. G. Wilson, Mr. E. G. Bisseker, Sir Joseph Napier and Mr. C. W. K. Pantlin line up on the fairway at Gleneagles Hotel, to which many people proceeded for the week-end after watching the battle for the Open at St. Andrews. Sir Joseph Napier, now a Territorial Gunner, served in the Great War with the South Wales Borderers, was wounded three times and taken prisoner. He lives at Forest Green, in Surrey

BY now you will be familiar with details of the play in the Open championship, so let us discuss some of the reputations that were made and lost during that exciting week. They are of special interest because the Ryder Cup selectors—one or two of whom were actually present at St. Andrews!—will have little further form on which to base their choice. Cotton, already elected captain, was the only certainty, though I imagine Dai Rees, match-play champion and winner of the knock-out tournament at Leeds, has not spent many uneasy moments wondering whether he will be invited.

Richard Burton, to whom the very sincerest of congratulations on a thrilling and well-deserved victory, now takes his place automatically in the team, and will presumably play top against his American counterpart, Byron Nelson. In the last match Burton wilted a little against the sustained onslaught of Sam Snead, but his victory at St. Andrews should prove a tonic to him. If ever he is in trouble in the Ryder Cup match, let him merely recall that moment when he stood on the eighteenth tee, needing a four to become Open champion of Great Britain; how he hit his ball 340 yards dead straight along the dangerous line to the right; how he took a niblick for his second where the remotest degree of nervousness must prompt a man to play a cautious run-up; and how he holed a ten-foot putt so exactly in the centre that he was walking away when it was still a yard from the hole. Those are precious memories—what would not most of us give for them?—that should stand him in good stead for the rest of his days. What a contrast to the unfortunate Snead, who had a five to win the United States Open (though he did not know it at the time) and took eight!

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

Well, that's three of them. For an eight-a-side match they will take at least nine players, so who shall we choose for the other six? Are we to pick them strictly on current form, or choose a few of the younger and more promising players with an eye to teams of the future? Personally, I incline to the view that the latter proceeding, while it may be good business, is slightly unfair; that if a man plays himself into the team this year he is entitled to the honour of representing his country even if he is unlikely to be chosen again in two years' time.

Reginald Whitcombe is in the forties. He has not had a particularly successful season, and he is no longer champion. But he is fit and forty, not fat and forty, and in the championship he completed all six rounds at St. Andrews without a single 6. This little-recorded fact to me represents a very high achievement, higher by far than when Walter Hagen did the same thing during his last victory at Sandwich, for he had not to contend with those fearsome pitfalls

(fourteenth and seventeenth), where 7's and 8's were as common as the daisies on the St. Andrews fairways. Whitcombe finished four shots behind the winner, equal third. He has good claims for inclusion, though I dare say he would be frankly relieved to see his name on the list.

As to Alfred Perry, I confess I am biased in his favour, for I delight in the bold, attacking quality of his play and his general attitude to the game. I shall raise a howl of protest if he is left out. Alfred Padgham is, to my mind, almost an automatic choice, and that makes six.

My next selection would be Sam King, who finished level third in the Open with a final nine holes of 33, the lowest inward half in the championship. He did well, too, in the League tournament, which is the acid test of match play. He sometimes suffers adverse

publicity—I have been guilty myself once or twice—from the story that he prefers shooting rabbits to playing golf, but that does not make him any the less formidable a golfer.

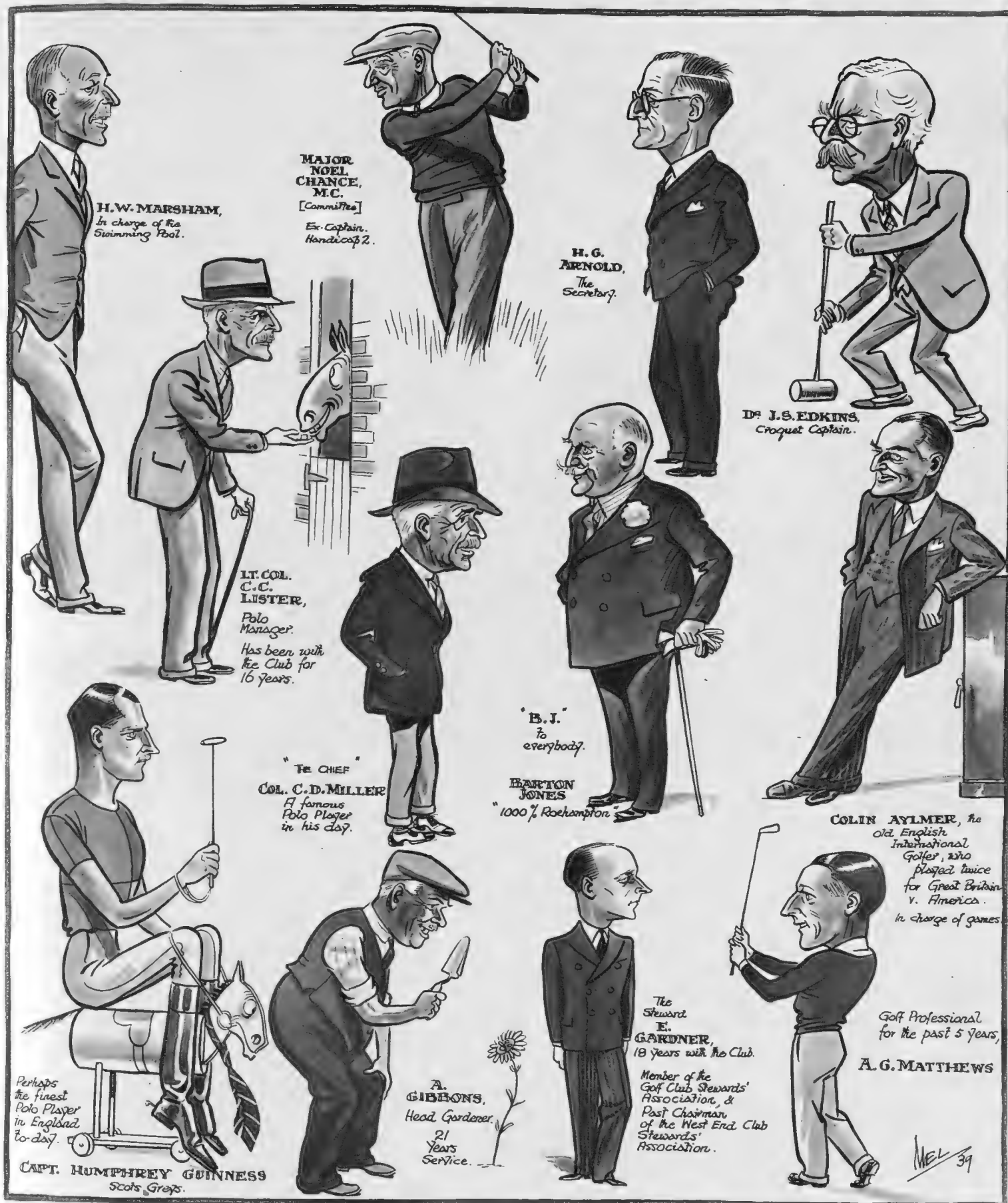
Any man who has twice been runner-up in the Open championship must be reasonably proficient, so down goes the name of cheerful James Adams, who is playing well this season. So who's for the last place, or places if they take ten? Bert Gadd is fancied in high places, they tell me, and perhaps rightly. He is another who distinguished himself in the League tournament. Or perhaps John Fallon, who led the field after three rounds at St. Andrews. His slim physique lost him distance, he found, so he went and trained with the Huddersfield Town footballers. Conditions in America would suit him better. Don Curtis had a poor time in the Open, but had been playing fine golf earlier in the year. And what about W. Shankland, who put up such a courageous show at St. Andrews, and actually had a putt to tie for what turned out to be second place? Any of these three would fill the bill. My own prophecy is that the team will be as follows, in alphabetical order: Adams, R. Burton, Cotton, Gadd, King, Padgham, Perry, Rees and R. Whitcombe.



Photos.: Swaeb

MORE GLENEAGLES HOTEL GOLFERS

Mr. and Mrs. John Baillieu, of Melbourne, Australia, with our golf correspondent, Mr. Henry Longhurst, and his wife, who was Miss Claudine Sier before their marriage last summer. Besides writing so admirably about the great game, Henry Longhurst is also first rate on the air, and his broadcast account of the Open championship was very easy to listen to



ROEHAMPTON CLUB AND SOME OF ITS CELEBRITIES, AS SEEN BY "MEL"

The Roehampton Club was founded in 1901 by Lieut.-Colonel C. D. Miller and his brothers, the late Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Miller and Captain G. A. Miller, as a polo club. The club has grown tremendously, and to-day there are an 18-hole golf course, which has been altered within the last few years; 32 lawn tennis courts (16 hard, 16 grass); 10 croquet lawns, 3 squash courts, and two most excellent open-air swimming pools (one for members, one open to the public). There is also an open-air riding school and stabling for 150 polo ponies. The dances held in the club during the summer season are another great attraction. Roehampton Club is undoubtedly a grand spot, set in beautiful surroundings of about 105 acres and easily accessible from the heart of London. Above "Mel" has caricatured some of the leading lights concerned with its many-sided activities

NEXT WEEK: ASHRIDGE GOLF CLUB

GOLF AT NEWMARKET



LORD ROSEBERY AND
MR. RALPH COBBOLD



LADY DE TRAFFORD, R. PERRYMAN AND SIR
GEORGE BULLOUGH STUDY THE LIE OF THE LAND



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD AND
CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD



MR. G. LEADER AND CAPTAIN E. STOCK



MR. W. JARVIS AND THE
DUKE OF NORFOLK



CAPTAIN ALLISON AND SIR C. NEWMAN

These pictures of racing celebrities were taken at the Links Golf Club, Newmarket, last week when a team of owners and trainers, captained by Sir Humphrey de Trafford, played a match against Bobby Jones's team of jockeys, trainers and friends whose ranks included Captain H. Allison, the Jockey Club Starter. This was the fifth of such annual encounters, and though perhaps the golf was not quite up to Open Championship standard some first-rate struggles took place. Blue Peter's owner was playing for Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and both he and his skipper got beaten—Lord Rosebery by Mr. G. Colling and a distance (6 and 5), and Sir Humphrey 4 and 3 by Mr. D. Marriott. Captain Allison also scored a point for Bobby Jones's side by beating Sir Cecil Newman with something in hand. The contest between the Duke of Norfolk and H.M.'s trainer, Mr. W. Jarvis, was anybody's race most of the way, but the Earl Marshal put in a fine finishing burst to win 3 and 2. In the Stock v. Leader encounter the latter, playing for Bobby Jones, was down the course, but Captain Boyd-Rochfort levelled this by a short-head victory over Mr. C. Croger. Dick Perryman beat Sir George Bullough, and the final verdict went to Bobby Jones's side by 7 matches to 5, with one halved



Yevonde, Berkeley Square

PERSONALITY IN PROFILE: LADY DUNGLASS

The former Miss Elizabeth Alington, charming and clever eldest surviving daughter of the Dean of Durham and the Hon. Mrs. Alington, has been married to Lord and Lady Home's M.P. son for three years, and takes a lively interest in politics. Her husband's division is Lanark, in his home Border country, but they are not often able to go North, for he has the responsible post of Parliamentary Private Secretary to our devotedly overworking Prime Minister—a strenuous job, but one in which he delights. Lord and Lady Dunglass first met when he was thirteen and she seven. This was in 1916, when Dr. Alington went to Eton from Shrewsbury as Headmaster, succeeding his wife's brother, Canon the Hon. Edward Lyttelton. Lord Dunglass was smallish Eton fry in those days, but in due course he became a star turn in the XI., and was elected to "Pop." Lord Home, thirteenth Earl, Lord Lieutenant of Berwickshire and Vice-Lieutenant of Lanarkshire, is Honorary Colonel of the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, in which his heir is senior Major. Through her mother, Lady Dunglass is a cousin of Lord Cobham

LADY BUTTERFIELD'S DANCE FOR HER DAUGHTER



MR. NORMAN WAY AND MISS ANNE
SMYTH-PIGGOTT FACE UP TO THE CAMERA



LADY CLARE SMYTH-PIGGOTT, LADY
BUTTERFIELD, AND LORD FEILDING



MISS CAROLINDA WATERS (HEROINE OF
THE OCCASION) AND MR. BRIAN KENT



MISS ELIZABETH MADDEN AND HER FIANCÉ,
MR. RAYMOND NICHOLL; (BELOW) THE HON.
ELMAR DIGBY AND MISS JULIET CLARK



MISS ANN MACKAIL, MR. ALASTAIR KISCH,
AND MR. SIMON BEASLEY



MISS FREDERICA MONTAGU AND THE HON.
MILES FITZALAN-HOWARD; (BELOW) MISS
PAMELA STRICKLAND AND MR. JOHN LONG



Lady Butterfield's dance which she gave for her daughter by her former marriage, Miss Carolinda Waters, at her attractive abode, Morland House, Charles Street, might have been called in the days of three reigns ago a "small and early." It was neither, but just an entirely charming and intimate party given by a very kind hostess. Lady Butterfield is the second wife of Sir Frederick Butterfield, of Cliffe Castle, Keighley, Yorkshire, and Miss Carolinda Waters, her daughter by her former marriage, came out last season. Lady Butterfield is one of those ever-delightful American-born personalities and the daughter of the late Mr. John Johnstone, who was a banker in Milwaukee. In the picture in which the hostess appears, she is with Lord Denbigh's grandson and heir and Lady Clare Smyth-Piggott, who is Lord Denbigh's third daughter. Miss Anne Smyth-Piggott is Lady Clare's daughter. Space forbids a mention of all the attractive people who were at this dance, but Miss Madden, who is with her affianced, Mr. Nicholl, is a daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, and Miss Ann Mackail is novelist Denis Mackail's daughter.



FINE - WEATHER RACING AT POPULAR LINGFIELD



MISS MARY DE TRAFFORD
AND MR. TOM EGERTON



MISS ROSEMARY AND MISS CICELY NEVILL WITH
THEIR AUNT, MARY LADY ABERGAVENNY



LADY SUSAN ASKEW AND
MISS K. FARRAR (OWNER)



LADY ABERGAVENNY AND
MRS. BERTRAM POTT



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WOOD AND THE DUCHESS
OF NORFOLK CONCENTRATING ON THEIR RACE CARDS



MISS PEGGY HAMILTON AND MRS. RUPERT
BYASS REST WHILE THEY CAN

As a contrast from racing weather earlier in the week, Lingfield Park was well served with sunshine for its July meeting, and a big crowd turned up on both days. The Lingfield Park Plate, in which Lord Astor's Ascot winner, Fulham, justified his favouritism, was Friday's most important event, but the next race, the Jack's Bridge Plate for two-year-olds, attracted a very large field. Miss K. Farrar, a former joint-Master of the Oakley, was there to follow the fortunes of her Dapple Colt, which was beaten half a length by Sir M. McAlpine's Allure, with Tornade filling third place. Lord Abergavenny also had one, Rodosky, in this event, and his family party present included his wife, his aunt, Mary Lady Abergavenny, widow of the third Marquess, and the Misses Rosemary and Cicely Nevill, whose mother, Mrs. Percy Nevill, is his only sister. Lady Susan Askew, fourth of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's six daughters, paid the sun the compliment of wearing dark glasses, but shadeless hats, of the jauntiest shapes, were the general rule. The Duchess of Norfolk and Lord Halifax's daughter-in-law took their racing seriously as usual. Miss Mary de Trafford, whose father was Senior Steward of the Jockey Club in 1937, was also concentrating on the business in hand

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



"A WOOD NEAR ATHENS,"
 REGENTS PARK: PATRICIA
 HICKS, CHRISTOPHER QUEST,
 RICHARD LITLEDIALE AND
 IRIS BAKER

*Midsummer Nights,
 for One Month Only*

GIVEN a bit of a heat-wave, or a setting sun and a light breeze, *The Midsummer Night's Dream* is

the perfect play for the open air. With good enough players and a producer inventive with his lawn and his lighting, the poetic farce finds in an authentic glade twice the enchantment that is possible in a normal theatre. So the fortunes of the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park have come to depend largely on the weather during the month allotted to its annual *Dream*. This time it benefits from the sun (on most midsummer nights), an appropriately waning moon, players better than good enough and lighting effects that draw the same sort of gasp as greets the very best fireworks.

Aircraft may drone overhead for a while: their presence gives pungency to the early, uninspiring scene where Duke Theseus dictates the law and the harried lovers arrange their tryst. By the time Titania's fairies have peopled the wood near Athens, the practising bombers have gone home and the air is left to bird-song in tune with the twitterings on the grass below. What if the players' voices must sometimes compete with a half-gale that billows the robes of Titania and the rest?—the varying volume of voices, like the floating draperies of the sprites, help the illusion that all this is laid in a time when the world was young.

This year's chief experiment in acting is the male, majestic Oberon of Robert Eddison. Male Oberons are in themselves no great novelty. The first time I saw *The Midsummer Night's Dream* in the professional theatre, an actor who was then the young white hope of the English stage did an Oberon excellent as to appearance and gesture but otherwise as to the rhythms in blank verse. He put the following stresses into the

most famous of Oberon's lines: "I know a bank where the wild thyme grows"—and a galleryite ruined the rest of the passage by calling down: "Pom-tiddle-om-pom: pom-pom." Mr. Eddison, for his part, brings fine, even beautiful speech to the rôle. About his appearance and gesture I am not so sure. This tall, plumed, sonorous Oberon, commanding his Puck to heel as though it were a frisky terrier, is over-arrogant for my taste: too much a godlike King of Shadows, too little a master of revels. The Titania of Margaret Vines is by contrast lovely in form and movement; but her blank verse is slow, precise, monotonous.

Romney Brent's Bottom—no lumbering, slapstick clown but a likeable, conceited little fellow who feels he can act better than he can trade—is another pleasant novelty. A third is the child Sentinel, introduced to guard Titania's bower and be kidnapped, kicking and screaming, by the airiest Puck that ever pranced. Each year Leslie French finds new agilities, new bits of business, new niceties of interpretation for his Puck: this time, I swear, his puckery is incomparable. The spirit of fun extends to the humans, and not only to the comic tradesmen by D. A. Clarke-Smith, Morris Harvey and others. Even the quartette of lovers (Patricia Hicks, Iris Baker, Christopher Quest and Richard Littledale) strike notes of comedy with their criss-crossing and their frequent slumbers on the li-los that are scattered round the lawn.

Among the producer's effects is a most alluring Dawn, first coppering the tree-tops and then gilding the whole glade: with its natural background, it goes two better than any *Came the Dawn* in colour-films. The ballets are light and nimble; the graded greens in the dresses please the eye. Having wisely chosen your evening by the weather forecast, you will find this production in Regent's Park to be a *Dream* in a hundred.

PUCK AND CO. : LESLIE
FRENCH, MARGARET
VINES (TITANIA),
ROBERT EDDISON
(OBERON), ROMNEY
BRENT (BOTTOM)



Priscilla in Paris

OH, to shake the dust of pavements from one's Louis XV.s, Très Cher! Not, be it added, that one wears high heels nowadays in the daytime! With suit-cases and bonnet-boxes *en masse*, my acquaintances are departing to the *plages à la mode*, but most of my friends are making their summer retreat into private life, and quite a few are coming with me, next week, to my Island. Dismayed by the all-invading crowds, Mme. Colette is giving up her lovely little *domaine*, la Treille Muscate, at St. Tropez. Where she is going remains a secret to a chosen few, but it will be far from the crowd and pubs where mechanical music renders the summer nights hideous till dawn. When she bought the place a few years ago, St. Tropez was a charming little fishing harbour: it is still a charming harbour, but it has become self-conscious and lives down to its visitors. Maurice Chevalier, who left the cast of the Casino de Paris *en beauté* last week, after having played "to capacity" since last October, is going south as usual; but then, his place, just outside Cannes, is well guarded from the horde, and he need only emerge when duty commands or the spirit moves him.

The Jean-Gabriel Domergues, who gave a lovely farewell-for-the-summer party at their lovely new flat in the Avenue d'Iéna, are going fifty-fifty between Cannes and Ciboure, but at both places they keep 'emthelves very much to 'emthelves. Françoise Rosay, her husband, Jacques Feyder, and their three sons are at Gambais, where they have a tranquil retreat in the heart of the woods. Last Sunday they organised a grand *Kermesse* (done, of course, on the heroic scale) to raise funds for the local children's dispensary. "Les Marronniers," the delightful old house in which they live during the summer, is well off the beaten track, and little maps, showing the quickest route, were sent to the various guests who were invited. As well as the *Kermesse* in the afternoon, there was a concert the same evening. Do her English admirers know that Françoise Rosay has a very lovely voice and is a *premier prix d'opéra* of the Paris Conservatoire? To a grand-opera career she preferred marriage and the subsequent rearing of three splendid boys, but since it is due to her husband that she has since come to the philums, what have we to grumble at? We suggest, however, that she might occasionally oblige with a toon in some of her pictures.

Sacha Guitry and his Fourth will no doubt continue their discreet, early-begun-and-far-from-ended (at time o' writing) honeymoon at the Château de Ternay. The wedding last week was a dampish affair. How it rained, *mes enfants*! The bride was blue, pastel blue: frock, veil, shoes, and all. Rumour hath it that Mesdames Lysés, Printemps, and Delubac sent a wreath of forget-memots to tone with the colour scheme and replace the absent orange-blossom.

I remained in Paris longer than usual this year in order to be present at the annual exhibition of bad manners that is the *Concours du Conservatoire* when the classes of tragedy and comedy come up for judgment. This ought to take place, like capital executions, in private! An audience composed of fond parents and friends, who hate every other candidate except their own, is hardly conducive to the exercise of fair judgment on the part of the jury. My interest in this affair was purely the sentimental one of wishing to see Réjane's grandchild, young Jacqueline



MARY GLORY

A new studio portrait of the lovely French movie star whose wonderful wide-apart eyes express the candour which is such a charming feature of her character. Mary Glory, so well known to filmgoers both in and out of France, should in a very short time be one of the biggest draws of the French film industry—always supposing she can resist the lure of Hollywood, Mecca of every film actress, though sometimes destined to dash even highest hopes



THE NEW MME. SACHA GUITRY

The former Mlle. Geneviève de Séréville, Baron de Séréville's daughter, who is the fourth wife of the famous French actor. Sacha Guitry, whose second marriage, to the lovely Yvonne Printemps, started a brilliant stage partnership lasting sixteen years, has only been associated with the screen since 1935, but has made over a dozen films

Porel, win her first prize. Alas! she only took a second.

Paris in July is no punishment, however, for the lucky people who live in this Rue du Cherche-Midi, where I hope to end my days. I have often written about the charming house in which I have a flat, but it is only recently that I discovered quite how old it is. This, thanks to Miss Mary Churchill Humphrey, who, like another cultured and travelled American, Mrs. Gould-Minot, pays the pretty compliment to France of knowing its history better than many French women. The Rue du Cherche-Midi is designated by this name in the quit-rent of the Prince de Conti as far back as 1595, and the house in which we live—Miss Humphrey on the ground floor giving on to the lovely garden she has restored *à la Française*—is mentioned in the census of 1628. Thanks to my charming neighbour, who read a most interesting paper, "Tenants of the Past," to the ladies of the Rochambeau Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I can now visualise the many famous people who lived here and trod the well-worn diamond-patterned *parquets* of these rooms. Of them all, I feel the greatest weakness and tenderness for the Marquis de Charmilly, who, in his youth, loved Donna Mariana Alcoforado, a nun; and my admiration goes to the fascinating Angélique Isabelle, who became Duchesse de Mecklenbourg. Now when the wind blows it is no longer the trees that I hear rustling in the garden, but the silks and satins of these faint, sweet ghosts of the past. PRISCILLA.



TAKING THE SUN AT MONTE CARLO BEACH:
SIR WESTROW AND LADY HULSE

FLIES IN THE SUN



DOING THE SAME THING AT EDEN ROC: Mlle. EUGENIA
DANILOVA AND MR. MICHAEL FARMER



OUTSIDE THE BEACH HOTEL: THE
HON. PETER AND MRS. ACTON



AMERICANS AT MONTE CARLO:
MR. AND MRS. RICHARD DANIELSON



MR. AND MRS. EMERSON BAINBRIDGE
PREFER THE POOL TO THE SEA



FRAULEIN HILDE KRUGER AND
M. VLADIMIR LANDAU

It certainly is cheerful to know that there is some sun somewhere in the world, as can be judged by the above photographs, and no doubt, H.V. (Hitler *volente*), a large number of us shivering mortals will soon be down on the Riviera to start de-icing our bodies. Among the early arrivals are Sir Westrow and Lady Hulse, who still keep faithful to Monte Carlo. Lady Hulse is the former Amber Orr-Wilson, and a very proficient yachtswoman. Mlle. Danilova and Mr. Michael Farmer are at Eden Roc, where they have been doing a lot of water-ski-ing. Mlle. Danilova is the famous ballet dancer, and Mr. Farmer is the former husband of Gloria Swanson. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Acton are staying at the Beach Hotel at Monte; he is Lord Acton's brother and a Shropshire Yeoman. Americans are not numerous this year on the Riviera, but Mr. and Mrs. Richard Danielson are staying at Monte Carlo. Before her marriage last year Mrs. Danielson was Miss Christina Andreae, youngest daughter of Mr. Hennan Andreae. Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge is an American by birth, being the former Miss de Pinna, of New York. Fraulein Hilde Kruger is the latest German film-star find, and her escort, M. Vladimir Landau, the pillar of the Monte Carlo Country Club

WHAT'S NEW IN FILMS



Hyman Fink

MIKE ROMANOFF EXPLAINING A POINT TO VIRGINIA FIELDS
AT THE TROCADERO



A VERY RECENT PORTRAIT OF PARAMOUNT'S LOVELY
STAR, DOROTHY LAMOUR



JANICE LOGAN, FAST MAKING A NAME FOR
HERSELF IN PARAMOUNT PICTURES



Hyman Fink

LORETTA YOUNG AND JIMMIE STEWART À DEUX AT THE POPULAR
CAFÉ VICTOR HUGO

Some of Hollywood's loveliest actresses and a short account of their recent doings appear on this page. The ever-popular Trocadero provided a good starting-off place for our camera-man, where he immediately found a friend in the shape of lovely Virginia Fields dining with Mike Romanoff. Her latest contribution to public entertainment is to be seen at the Leicester Square Theatre in *The Sun Never Sets*, in which she appears with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Basil Rathbone. Lovely Dorothy Lamour's newest effort has not yet reached these shores: it is called *Disputed Passage*, and might be described as a sentimental melodrama around medical men. For her two leading men she has John Howard and Akim Tamiroff; the latter was playing in that great picture, *Union Pacific*, which was drawing crowds. Janice Logan, although quite a newcomer to the screen, is starring in the new picture at the Plaza, *Under-cover Doctor*, with Lloyd Nolan and J. Carroll Naish. She is now working on a new Technicolor production called *Dr. Cyclops*, which is said to be a milestone in the history of film technique. Loretta Young plays the rôle of the wife of Alexander Graham Bell in the film of that title.



Photo: Jaeger

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS SIBYLLA OF SWEDEN AND HER DAUGHTERS

A delightful representation, fresh from the camera, of H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden's daughter-in-law with the little Princesses Margaretha, Birgitta, and Desirée, who are aged five, two and one respectively. It is interesting to realise that both Princess Sibylla and her husband, Prince Gustaf Adolf, Duke of Westerbotten, are great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria, the Princess through her father, Prince Carl of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, son of the first Duke of Albany, and Prince Gustaf Adolf through his mother, the late Crown Princess of Sweden, daughter of the Duke of Connaught. Prince Gustaf Adolf, G.C.V.O., will one day ascend the Swedish throne, being the eldest of the four sons of the Crown Prince. H.M. King Gustaf V, Sweden's so popular sovereign, became eighty-one last month, but still plays tennis with zest and skill

WHEN IRAQ GOES RAC



THE DESERT TOTE
AT HABBANIYA WAS
VERY FAR FROM
BEING DESERTED;
IT IS MADE OF
AEROPLANE PACK-
ING CASES



"THEY'RE OFF!" IN THE ARAB RACE,



MRS. TYSSEN ON "BOBBIE," RUNNER-UP IN THE
LADIES' RACE



AIR VICE-MARSHAL J. H. S. TYSSEN, A.O.C. IRAQ,
AND SIR MAURICE PETERSON, H.B.M., IRAQ



When they set out to lighten a little hour or two upon the desert's dusty face at Habbaniya, Iraq, they do it properly, and upon the occasion with which the pictures on these two pages deal, even if the worldly hopes upon which some set their hearts turned ashes, everyone had a darned good time, spiced with any amount of fun. These meetings at the Royal Air Force Station at Habbaniya are run under the auspices of the Royal Exodus Hunt, a most appropriately named establishment and quite well known to *Baily*. It has its kennels at Habbaniya, and twenty couples of sure-to-goodness foxhounds in its lodgings. The Garden of Eden is in the hunt's country presumably? The steed, of course, is the Arab shod with fire, and all those to be seen on these pages are of that stout and most lovable breed. The R.A.F., as may be imagined, really run the whole show—hunt and races—and the A.O.C., Air Vice-Marshal Tyssen, is nobly supported by his Excellency His Britannic Majesty's Minister, who is seen presenting a

(ON LEFT) MISS C. H. WHEELER ON "RAMANI," A STARTER IN THE LADIES' RACE

THE YOUNGEST AR.
SIR MAURICE

Photographs: Chas

ING—IT GOES RACING



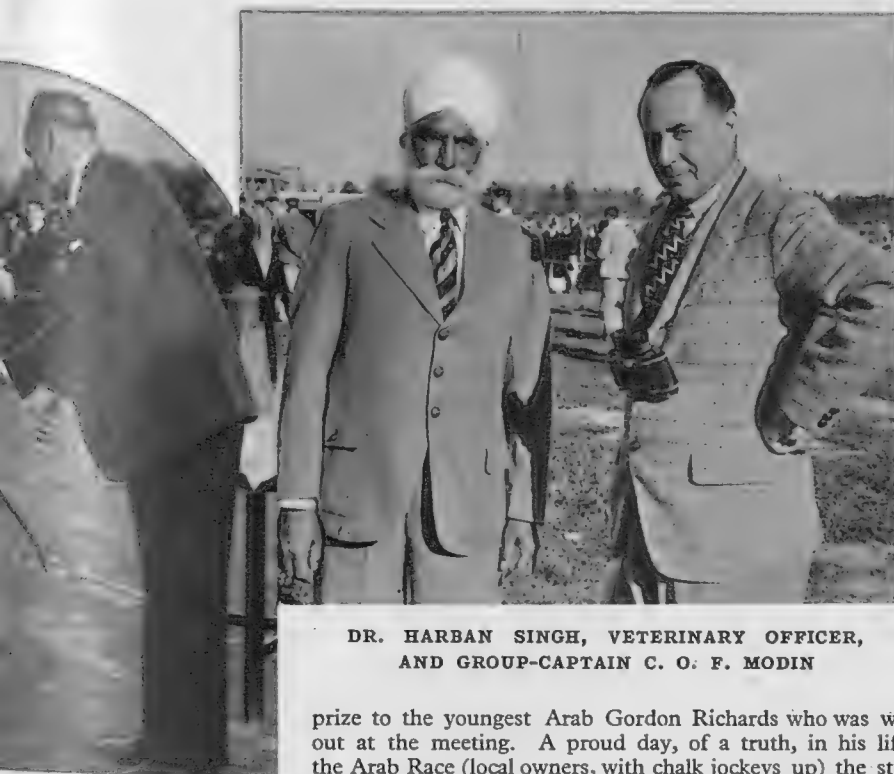
AND DE'IL TAK' THE HINDERMOST!



(ON TOP) MRS. C. O. F. MODIN AND MRS. CHARLES ASTON;
(BELOW) SQ.-LDR. BAKER, GROUP-CAPTAIN C. O. F. MODIN, AND MISS CONES



MRS. STOWELL ON "BLACKBOTTOM,"
THIRD IN THE LADIES' RACE



DR. HARBAN SINGH, VETERINARY OFFICER,
AND GROUP-CAPTAIN C. O. F. MODIN

AB JOCKEY AND
PETERSON

Cup was another high-light, and the charming winner is at the bottom of the right-hand page. Miss Ashworth is a nursing sister in the R.A.F. hospital at Habbaniya. The steed upon which she won is not as good a looker as the runner-up, which was ridden by Mrs. Tyssen, wife of the A.O.C. Miss Wheeler was riding another of the A.O.C.'s candidates in the race. Group-Captain C. O. F. Modin, who is with the venerable Veterinary Officer of the Station, is the senior Air Staff Officer, and his wife is in the group on the car in one of the top pictures. Finally, the Tote, which is made of old aeroplane packing-cases, drove a roaring trade—for confirmation of this remark *vide* picture!

(ON RIGHT) MISS V. M. ASHWORTH ON "NAWAB," WINNER OF THE LADIES' RACE

Charles E. Brown





“HELL’S ANGELS”

A STUDY BY CYRIL E. EDGAR

OUR POLO-PLAYING LADIES— —AT THE FERNE CLUB



THE FERNE LADIES' TEAM: L. TO R., MISS ROBINA GIFFARD, MRS. FRANK SYKES, MISS JOAN LANYON AND MISS JOAN DIXON



THE RHINEFIELD LADIES' TEAM: L. TO R., MISS S. FAULKNER-HORNE, MISS DUNLOP, MISS MARTIN AND MISS E. HEWETSON



THE HOT DOGS' TEAM: L. TO R., MR. P. LOYD-MOSTYN, MR. P. HURNDALL, MR. W. RIGGALL AND LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY



THE KILKENNY CATS: L. TO R., MR. VICTOR McCALMONT, MISS ANN POË, MISS DIANA BELL AND MR. PETER YOUNG

All these pictures were taken during the more or less recent tournament at the Ferne Polo Club in Dorset, which is Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's most particular bantling, because she started it and is its mainspring. On this recent occasion she had the satisfaction of leading her Hot Dogs to a quite adequate win over The Kilkenny Cats, in spite of their side including one Ikey Bell's hard-riding little daughter. The Hot Dogs won by 8 to 5. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's team for this year's Ladies' Championship at Hurlingham (July 17-22) fights under the *nom-de-guerre* of The Racing Cheetahs. As to some other results at this Ferne tournament with which these pictures deal, the Ferne Ladies well and truly beat the invaders from Rhinefield 5 to 3, and the picture at the bottom shows the battle in progress, and Rhinefield on the attack. It is expected that about six teams will be engaged at Hurlingham



RHINEFIELD v. FERNE—THE BATTLE IN FULL BLAST

Pictures in the Fire

By
"SABRETACHE"

aerial flip over Berlin. After they had been up a short time, the Herr Doktor said: "I see no swastika flags, I hear no cheering, there are no crowds! They take no notice of us! This is disgraceful!" "What are you going to do about it?" said the Herr General. "We must do something to arouse their *verflucht* attention!" said the Herr Doktor. "Natürlich!" said the Herr General. "You jump out!"

* * *
In these hard times we have all got to

be a bit careful of the bawbees, and things like fishing expeditions to places like Iceland demand serious consideration. A salmon-killer of note said that it was going to cost him about fifty quid a month without any trimmings, and that that was a lot of money these days. Quick as a flash the brightest wit of a place which is inhabited by "The Ragamuffins" said: "Why not bung a brick through Duck and Edwards' window, and the country will keep you for a month, if not even longer?" It was a very happy suggestion at a moment when The Clink is such a fashionable resort.

* * *
A new ocean-going vessel has just been set afloat in which the kitchen is placed in an unusual position—namely, on the boat deck, and it is claimed that this should prevent kitchen odours pervading the passenger accommodation. This naturally is an immense stride forward in marine engineering; but without wishing to be in any way discouraging, it does not demand the "kitchen odour" to tip some people over the edge. They wind, or think they wind, what has been happening to other



Truman Howell

AT MONMOUTH CASTLE: LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR JOHN HERBERT, G.C.I.E., AND OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL MONMOUTHSHIRE R.E. MILITIA, ENTERTAIN AT THEIR REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

Officers of the very venerable Royal Monmouthshire R.E. Militia, which is, in effect, a Special Reserve, and takes precedence of the T.A., gave a party not long ago at Monmouth Castle, its headquarters since the foundation of this distinguished unit in 1660. The new C.O. is Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Herbert, ex-Member for Monmouth, but his tenure of office will be a short one, as he leaves England in October to take up his appointment as Governor of Bengal. Sir John was recently knighted by His Majesty.

All the names in this group were not signalled, but the front row reads (l. to r.): Colonel M. David, D.S.O., Brig-General A. C. Baylay, D.S.O., Captain Viscount Bledisloe, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.B.E., Colonel C. J. Vaughan, O.B.E. (Honorary Colonel), Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Herbert, G.C.I.E. (Commanding Officer), Lieut.-Colonel A. Low (former C.O.), and Major George Whitehead (Second-in-Command)

A STORY which may lighten the leaden hours comes, strangely enough, direct from Germany per an eminent Nazi who is on short leave in this country, and who desires that his name and rating should be kept secret. This is quite understandable, for this is the story. The Herr General Göring and the Herr Doktor Göbbels were having a little



PATRONS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

Count and Countess Leonardo Mercati arriving in a hand-car, pushed by an American undergraduate, at the Brazilian Restaurant, which is one of the top spots, socially and gastronomically speaking, at New York's wonder Fair. Count Leonardo Mercati, whose father is First Chamberlain to the King of Greece, is Mrs. Michael Arlen's brother. He and his wife spent six weeks in the U.S.A.



Stuart

THE BANK OF ENGLAND XI. AT ROEHAMPTON

This team met the Butterflies recently at Roehampton, and drew with them in an exciting match spoiled by rain. To the Bank of England's 230 for 6, N. R. Gillett contributed 101 not out

Left to right, standing: Marshall (umpire), R. B. A. Smith, D. E. B. Harris, D. P. Henry, D. E. R. Sears, and W. O. Lane; (sitting) D. G. Mackenzie, N. R. Gillett, H. F. Gilbert (captain), B. W. Kendall, and S. M. H. Spearing



Truman Howell

AT THE A.T.S. CAMP AT MALVERN

Blackmore Park, Malvern, has for the second time in two months been invaded by the Auxiliary Territorial Service in strong force. This group consists of Company Commander Mrs. Otto Jones and Deputy Commandant Lady Whitten Brown (Glamorgan) and Mrs. Addams-Williams (Monmouth). Lady Whitten Brown is the wife of the famous airman, Sir John Whitten Brown

which it may be called upon to operate. Anyone adopting tanks in any land where all metal is apt to get so hot that to touch it blisters the hand, must be, if I may say so, a bit batty. His Majesty is very far from being the. Further, as a great admirer of Saladin and doubtless a student of his campaigns, Ibn Saud will be acutely aware of the disadvantages which the armament and equipment of the opposing cavalry imposed. Quite apart from the trouble that prickly heat, mosquitoes, and fleas must have caused the Crusaders encased in their mail and plate of Milan steel with not an earthly good scratch, it is very painful to dwell upon the picture of a knight being grilled like a mutton-chop by his own armour. Saladin's light cavalry suffered from no such handicap, hence their frequent successes against The Tins

passengers upon previous voyages even before they set foot on board the packet at all. The "odour" of rope, tar, even the sniff of the sea itself, is quite enough in many cases, so what difference can a dinner or a lunch smell make?

* * *
H. M. King Ibn Saud, whom the German Propaganda Department claims as Der Führer's latest attaché, and who, Dr. Göbbels says, is about to place a large order in Germany for his new mechanised army, is said in the same breath to be a great admirer of Saladin. If that fine cavalry General is indeed his Majesty's exemplar, I can imagine nothing less likely than his desire to put the fine mobile army which he commands upon wheels, having particular regard to the nature of the terrain over



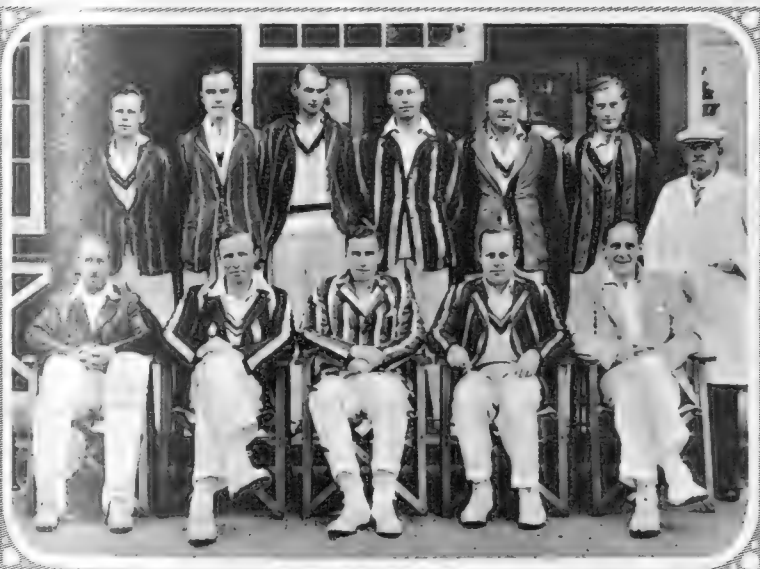
Truman Howell

MORE OF OUR DEVOTED WOMEN TERRIERS

Another group of A.T.S. officers at Malvern—to wit, four popular Cheshire-ites, Deputy Company Commander J. Tellet, Group Commander G. K. Keenan, and Deputy Company Commanders Blackburn and M. T. Bailey, who all obviously think this camping business under King's Regulations lots of fun. Cheshire contributed its full quota to the A.T.S. Camp, and the greatest possible keenness was displayed by all ranks

was for very many years a Settlement Officer. He does not believe that any such thing has ever happened, and he gives one very solid reason for his unbelief—the inability of any human being to keep up with any hunting pack of wolves. Wolves do not always hunt in packs, though the wild dogs invariably do, and great masters of vengery they are and pretty nearly as good stayers as the wolves, but I should say not as fast.

(Continued on page ii)



Stuart

THE BUTTERFLIES XI. WHO PLAYED THE BANK OF ENGLAND

After their opponents (see opposite page) had declared at 230 for 6, the Butterflies looked like hitting off the necessary runs at Roehampton, but when they had scored 180 for 7 rain stopped play

Left to right, standing: J. G. K. Sheldon, R. M. Hilary, A. H. Townshend, C. R. Patterson, R. T. Robinson, K. J. Gardiner, and J. Mounsey (umpire); (sitting) R. F. Potter, R. L. Arrowsmith, M. D. B. Farnille (captain), H. Leedham-Green, and A. G. Pelham

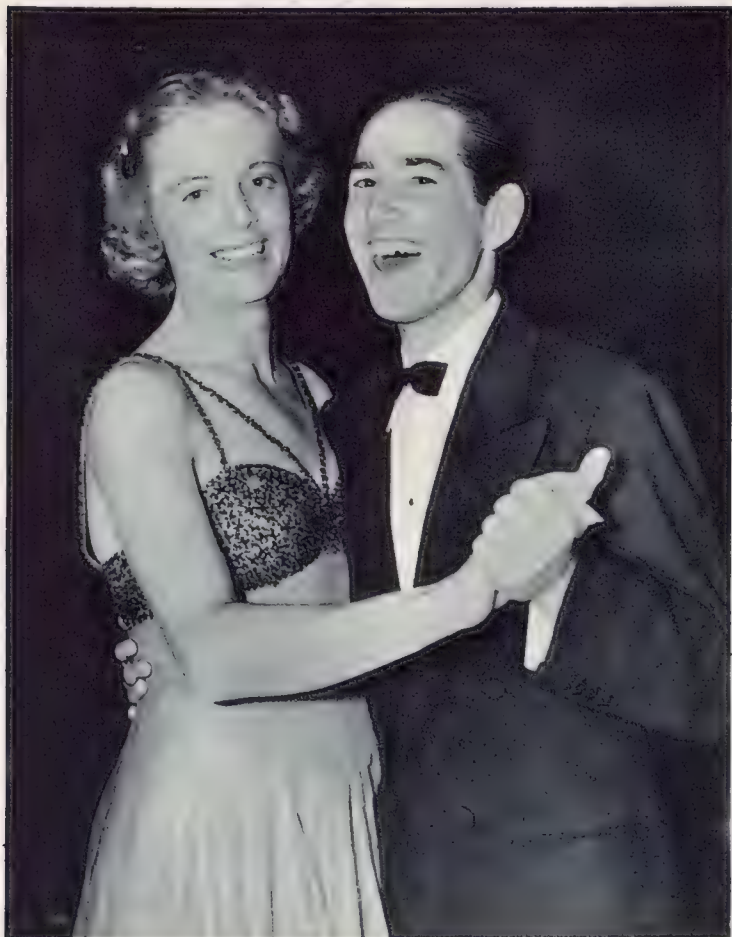
of those way-back days. People who have to fight in tanks in hot climates get to know something about what those devoted Crusaders had to endure. Let us hope that armour will one day go out of fashion again.

* * *
The discussion in *The Times* as to the authenticity or otherwise of reported cases of "wolf children" in India has drawn one very positive letter from Mr. C. G. Chevenix-Trench, who



MORE NEWS FROM NEW YORK

Lady Furness and her daughter, Miss Patricia Cavendish, for-gather with Mr. William E. G. Taylor, of New York, for a meal at the so popular Brazilian Restaurant while touring the World's Fair. Lord Furness's wife, who has two children by her first marriage with the late Brigadier-General Cavendish, is Australian-born. Burrough Court, near Somerby, is her Leicestershire home



NON-STOP CHAMPIONS: MISS ALICE MARBLE AND R. J. RIGGS
DANCE AFTER VICTORY

Fresh—or at any rate, still smiling—from individual and joint triumphs at the All-England Club, Miss Marble and Bobbie Riggs went to the L.T.A. ball at Grosvenor House, where they were bombarded with congratulations on their supreme feat of carrying off three world titles between them. The marbles—excuse us, marvellous—controlled speed of the new queen of Wimbledon took spectators' as well as our Kay's breath away during a final lasting only 30 minutes. Then with Mrs. Fabyan, Miss Marble proceeded to polish off Miss Jacobs and Miss Yorke, and after only a very short rest came on to the Centre Court again with singles and doubles champion Riggs to play and beat England's last hopes, F. H. D. Wilde and Miss Brown. Call it a day! And hats off to America

WELL, well! I never thought that I should leave my seat on the Centre Court during the final of the Men's Singles to watch instead a ladies' doubles that was in progress on Court No. 1. But that is what I found myself doing on the second Friday of this Wimbledon. And my exit, I maintain, was a reasonable one, my instinct sound. For has there ever been a drearier match between two young men of supposed world class, who played throughout their encounter as though they were taking part in a practice knock-up on a private court, politely returning the ball well within each other's reach, so that the rallies shall lengthen out interminably and their limbering-up be complete before the real business of the day commenced? But, alas! that was supposed to be the real business of the day, though I was not surprised to see so many empty seats round the court, for it was, in verity, a case of *stat magni nominis umbra*. When you remember the finals between Perry and Crawford, Perry and von Cramm, Budge and von Cramm—above all, that miraculous final between Vines and Crawford when they were four-all in the fifth set, and every speed of shot, every subtlety of the game had been exploited in *excelsis*—well, I was not surprised to see that the spectator in front of me had armed himself with a biography of de Quincey. Would that I could have had an opium pipe at that moment and smoked it into oblivion! I did not want to remember that Bobbie Riggs had already played his countryman thirteen times and never lost an encounter. I did not want to remember that in their last match in the final of the Bermuda Championships, Dame Rumour (that lying jade!) has it that the only reason it took Master Riggs five sets to subdue his buddy was because he wanted that particular buddy as his team-mate in Europe this summer, and not one Sabin, who at that moment was equally in the running. "Look how close we are: there is nothing to choose between us: you must send us both."

LAWN TENNIS

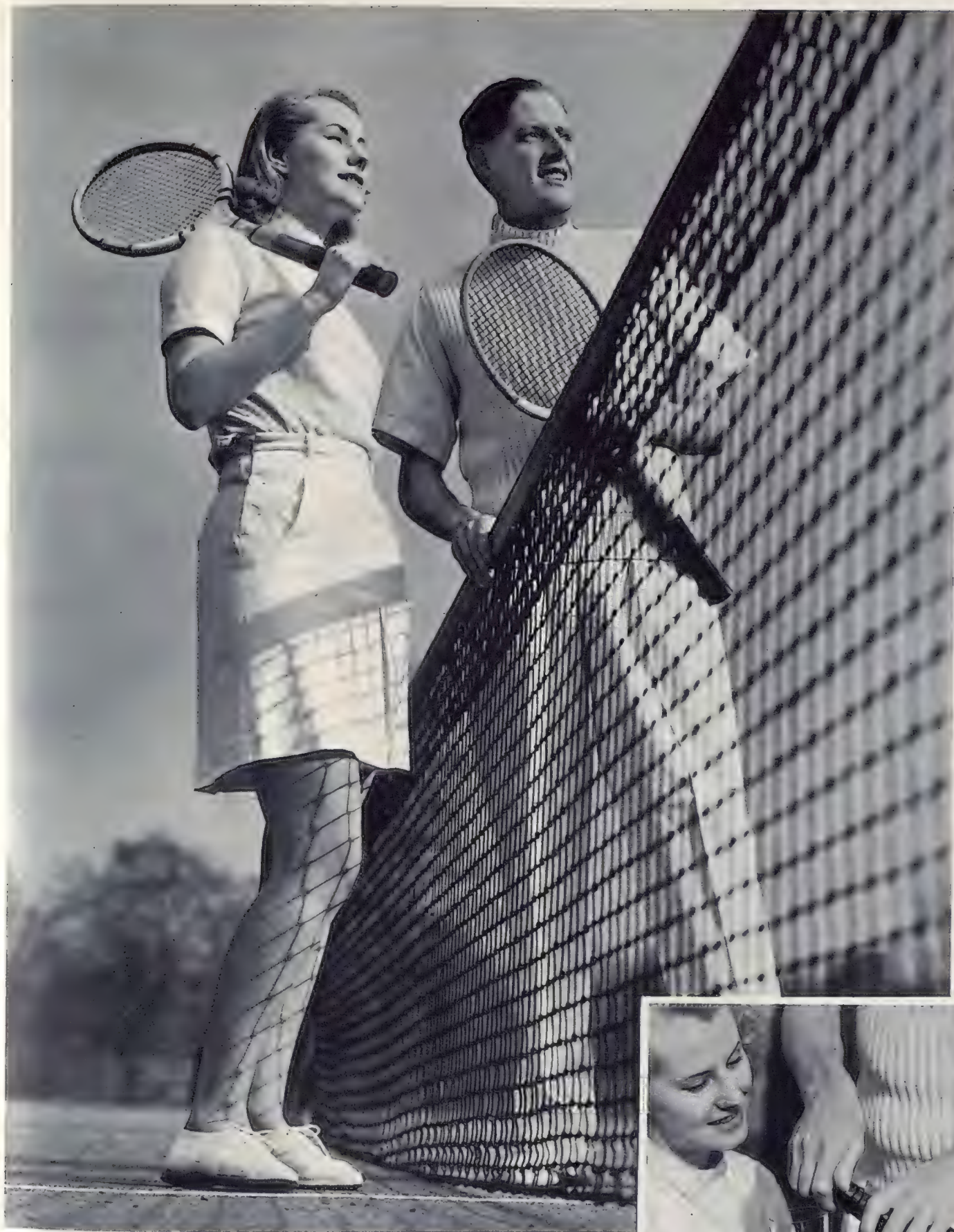
By GODFREY WINN

That was the way he is supposed to have figured it out, and whether the story is nonsense or not, Mr. Cooke got his steamer ticket to Europe, though only half his expenses, and the other £100 had to come out of his own pocket. Well, well (once more), I should imagine that figuring in the final at Wimbledon on his first trip over and pulverising Herr Henkel and our "Bunny" *en route*, and winning the Men's Doubles into the bargain, will be worth more than £100 to him in the long run. Quite honestly, I think that if Cooke hadn't been defeated thirteen times already by Riggs he might have treated him with the contempt that he showed to the German: as it was, he was set up and 5—2, and had a set ball in the next game. But he seemed almost shy of taking his chances, though during this period Riggs's efforts at a backhand passing shot were pathetic to behold. I am told that he improved later, in his own ambling way. But I shall never believe that it is the way of a real champion to be content with hitting the ball from side to side of the court, as he did, most especially in his semi-final match with Puncce, and hitting it so much more softly than his female compatriot, Alice Marble, did in her third effort at the champion's crown. Or more softly—well, perhaps not more softly—but certainly as softly as the four ladies who drew me, in bored despair, to watch their internecine conflict on Court No. 1.

And so exciting was the clash of their four so-different temperaments that they deserve a new paragraph all to themselves. Their names? Helen Jacobs and Billie Yorke, Jean Nicoll and Betty Nuthall. When I arrived the match had just started and the score was three-all in the first set: hours later, it was seven-all in the final set and still anybody's match. Fascinated spectators beside myself were Mme. Mathieu, who threw over Billie Yorke for "Jedra" this year and went out in the first round in consequence; and Colonel Helme, who assures me that Riggs plays exactly like the Dohertys, which would suggest that the Dohertys would be unable to stand up to the pulverising speed of Budge or Vines at their height. The Colonel gave a dinner-party during Wimbledon for Miss Marble and teacher (*alias* Miss Tennant) that was such a success that as midnight struck Alice remembered that she was a crooner as well as a champion, and sang birthday greetings to her host in the way that provides such a popular source of revenue for the American telephone exchange. The next evening I dined with the Colonel myself, and sampled his miraculous port, but alas! in consequence, I did not want to sing in my bath next morning, and was not surprised to see that my host the next afternoon had draped a silk handkerchief under his hat to protect his neck, in Arab fashion, from the only sun we saw during the second week at Wimbledon. He also was wearing gloves, unlike the participants on court, who looked about as grim as the relations at a funeral when the family solicitor reads the will and they discover that everything has been left to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor. (Actually, I cannot think of a worthier cause for anyone's money.) Really, it made me quite nervous to see how nervous poor Helen Jacobs is on court these days, so that she seems to cross from side to side in a daze, and every winning shot that she does make from time to time, instead of being part of the flowing sequence of a star performer, seems instead to be an act of desperation produced in a last effort to salvage her reputation as a great player.

No one will deny that Helen Jacobs has been a very great player indeed, and for that reason I do hope most sincerely that her Svengali, Bill Tilden (who hasn't the sinister influence of the original character but equally the power and the astonishing control), will not fill her mind with any more false hopes of another conquest. The miracle that she performed last year will never be forgotten. Unseeded and unheralded, she reached the final, and there, but for the bad luck of straining a tendon, might easily have prevented the Moody from attaining her final ambition. This year Miss Jacobs faded out in the round of the last eight, and could only secure four games from Kay Stammers, who, in her own turn, could only secure two

(Continued on page 138)



THERE are days when you are inspired and your strokes are truly made. And there are days when everything goes wrong and the sun merely gets in your eyes. To both kinds of day the clubhouse holds an answer; for there, gloriously cool and reviving after the game, Whitbread's superb Pale Ale awaits you—in compliment or consolation.



WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1.



Vandamm Studio, New York
IN THE "FROM VIENNA"
NUMBER AT THE REFUGEES'
REVUE, NEW YORK

Two of the refugee artists from what was once Austria, who are presenting their very own revue, *Salzburg Puppet Show*, at the Music Box Theatre in New York. In the picture are John Banner, as the Dragon, and Katherine Mattern, as the young and lovely damsel of the castle

A DRAFT of mules had arrived at an army camp, and a recruit made the mistake of going too near the business end of one of them.

His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher, and started for hospital.

On the way the invalid regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky overhead, experienced the swaying motion as he was carried along, and lowered his hands over the side of the stretcher to feel only empty space.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "I haven't hit the ground yet!"

* * *

The little girl had just had her first dip in the sea. "How did you like it, dear?" asked her mother, as she dressed the child.

"I didn't think much of it, mummie," replied the child. "I sat on a wave and went through!"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"Waiter, come here," snapped the diner. "What's this dreadful stuff?"

"That, sir," replied the waiter, "is bean soup."

"I don't care what it's been—what is it now?"

* * *

This one comes, oddly enough, from the *British Legion Journal*: An artist who was employed to repair and remodel paintings in an old church in Belgium rendered a bill for 100 francs. The church trustees, however, required an itemised bill, and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

	Frs.
Correcting the Ten Commandments - - -	7.10
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet - - -	3.02
Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter - -	4.18
Regilding left wing of guardian angel - - -	2.02
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek - - -	3.10
Renewing heaven - - -	1.00
Adjusting stars - - -	2.06
Cleaning moon - - -	0.10
Restoring lost souls - - -	25.00
Rebordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wig - - -	2.43
Cleaning Balaam's ass and putting new shoe on him - - -	5.06
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears - - -	20.00
Putting new stone in David's sling - - -	1.10
Enlarging the head of Goliath - - -	1.03
Extending Saul's legs - - -	2.05
Decorating Noah's ark - - -	6.50
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son - - -	6.35
Brightening up the flames of hell - - -	.60
Putting new tail on the devil - - -	1.50
Putting a silver coin over the poor box - - -	.80
Doing several odd jobs for the damned - - -	5.00

Frs. 100

* * *

The great detective patiently crawled about the scene of the crime, peering through the magnifying glass without which he never travelled. But he could find nothing to help him to a solution of the mystery. No footprints, no shred of torn cloth. Not even a cigarette end.

And then, after the third time he had been over the room, his patience was rewarded. How could he, he wondered, have possibly overlooked that button. Carefully he picked it up, put it into an envelope, tucked the envelope away into his pocket, and rose to his feet.

Even as he did so, the whole truth became clear to him—his trousers began to sag!

* * *

The lady of the house went into her kitchen one morning and noticed her cook hastily throw a cloth over a book she had open on the table.

"I was very pleased, cook," remarked the mistress, after giving her orders, "that you were studying Mrs. Beeton when I came in."

"That's just where you were wrong, ma'am," replied cook. "I have no need to study Mrs. Beeton. I was just looking up Mr. Bradshaw."

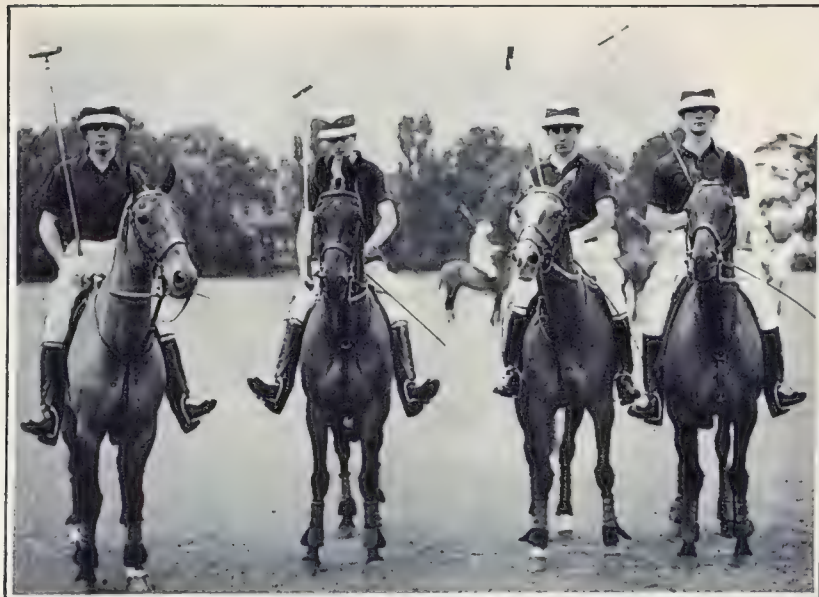


ANTON DOLIN AND BARONOVA

In the costumes which they wore in the Russian Ballet in the cabaret at the recent Russian Ball at the Ritz, given in aid of the children's summer holiday camps both here and on the Continent. These two renowned artists gave their valuable services to aid the good cause, and as ever their performance was a pure delight. Baronova and Anton Dolin are big names of the Educational Ballets company now at Covent Garden

GARRARDS

*By Special Appointment
Goldsmiths and Jewellers
to the Crown*



THE OXFORD SIDE WHICH BEAT CAMBRIDGE
AT HURLINGHAM

Although the score in this match was Cambridge 5 and Oxford 4, the latter were deemed to have won owing to Cambridge being unable to produce a side qualified to play. The match therefore cannot count in the records. Left to right: Lord Haig (Stowe and Christchurch; No. 1), E. P. Marsden (Winchester and Christchurch; No. 2), P. Profumo (Harrow and Magdalen; No. 3), G. Astor (Eton and New College; back)

THE King's Coronation Cup 1939 came to its duly appointed end on the duly appointed date, July 8, but for various reasons was not what it is intended it should be, the Championship of the Champions. It is open to teams which have won open cups during the season with, as I now understand, a new little loophole for a special invitation to some side of note that may have covered itself with glory, without actually winning an open cup. Strictly, it is only for winners. This year The Optimists were invited. They have not earned any sort of merit, because they have never had a hope of becoming a team. Mr. Horbury, their "skipper" and organiser, is a very great enthusiast, but he has not yet acquired sufficient knowledge to make it possible for him to fit in with people of the high class of H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur and Kumar Prithi Singh, and under such circumstances it was asking for the moon to expect the side to shake down. It never has.

In the Championship, The Optimists were outplayed and out-generalled by that modest little side Adsdean, who imported Major P. W. Dollar (4th Hussars) in place of their "regular," the Hon. Dick Samuel. On the way that game went, I think Adsdean would have won with their four regulars. The Optimists were all arms and legs, the winners quite compact; and I think they might have won a bit farther than they did if they had made the pace a little hotter. Anyway, however that may be, The Optimists had no place in the Coronation Cup. If they had any claim, then Adsdean had a far better one. In the Coronation Cup, Major P. W. Dollar was brought in to The Optimists' side, and they were put out 7 to 6 in a game that was fair to good medium.

All this chopping and changing is not a little confusing to that enthusiast, the Man in the Stand. For many years in these notes it has been urged that, if A, B, C and D start out as "The Giraffes," they ought to be compelled to remain "Giraffes," and not be allowed to run the gamut of the rest of the animal creation. It would simplify things for the public and add to the interest if a "Hippopotamus" was not permitted suddenly to turn himself into a "Quagga" one week and into a "Wart-Hog" the next. The Old Cantabs were always the Old Cantabs, and Ted Miller's grand Rugby side never masqueraded as anything out of the Zoo. One

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

of the main reasons why the Inter-Regimental beats anything else, bar an International, for interest, is because "The Don't Dancers" are "The Don't Dancers"; the "Delhi Spearmen" the "Delhi Spearmen," and so on and so forth. They are concrete things into which the public can get its teeth—if you understand what I mean in a manner of speaking. A "Hippo" or a "Rhino," or even a "Brontosaurus," means nothing to the poor and unsophisticated onlooker.

These two recent big cups furnish an excellent example of the zoological phenomena which we see. For instance, The Jaguars, who won the Championship, and most deservedly, were: Captain Nigel Dugdale, the Hon. Keith Rous, Captain the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell, and



THE CAMBRIDGE SIDE WHICH MET OXFORD

The two members of the Cambridge side who were unqualified to play were W. H. D. Riley-Smith and M. S. Balmain. The former played in the University matches in 1934-5-6 and the latter in 1937-8. Left to right: K. R. Watt, A. P. S. Wood, W. H. D. Riley-Smith, M. S. Balmain

Captain H. P. Guinness; the *Giant Pandas*, who were in the final of the Coronation Cup, were: Captain Nigel Dugdale, the Hon. Keith Rous, Captain the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell, and Captain H. C. Walford. The *Giant Pandas* who were the same people who won the Ranelagh Open. A Panda, even when he is a giant, has no resemblance whatever to that nasty fierce animal, a jaguar, who is all spit, snarl, teeth and claws. The *Giant Pandas* were therefore doubly qualified to go for that Coronation Cup, for they could have turned themselves into Jaguars at a second's notice. The *Giant Pandas* also had a foal at heel, the *Pandas*. Them as knows do not mind these kaleidoscopic changes very much, even though they could easily do without them, but they tend to make the mere onlooker wonder and get him all turned the wrong way. It would be rather confusing if the M.C.C. suddenly called themselves the St. John's Wood Hornets.

In the final of this Coronation Cup, Someries House was not the original side from no fault of its own. It beat the *Giant Pandas* good and hearty 6 to 3 on a ground upon which the ball was bumping and jinking all ways. Sir Harold Wernher, to everyone's regret, could not lead his side, for he had collected that annoying thing a broken collarbone in the second semi-final v. the 10th Hussars, who most sportingly scratched when this accident happened. Mr. J. P. Robinson, from the Adsdean team was put in, and Mr. John Lakin, just back from the American adventure, was the back. Theoretically, this team ought not to have gone so well because of possible upset of balance. Actually it went like a book.

HAIG in every HOME



Obtainable also in Small Sizes

Don't be Vague
ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

HIGH AND LOW

By GARRY PATERSON

GANNON seemed surprised when the bell of his flat rang, and cast a look of enquiry at the clock. Cigarette in mouth, he pondered a moment before deciding to continue his leisurely task of pouring out his drink. The bell rang again.

Gannon was in no mood for hurry. He had filled the glass too full, apparently, for he remained to sip a couple of times or so. Indeed, he still held his glass in his hand as he opened the door, and one of the two men rammed something that shone blue and felt hard against his body.

"Back up, pal! Just back up—and nothing else!"

The vicious barrel jabbed into his ribs, and Gannon had no option. He backed. The two men followed, the smaller of them closing the door quickly. Gannon gazed ruefully down at his middle, and then up into the hard, strange eyes that confronted him.

"I knew it," he said. "Too many cocktails. I've seen pink rabbits, I've seen elephants with hats on; but, by golly!—" He raised his glass, and received another jab for his pains. "If you know what's good for you, you'll stay as you are, do what you're told, and just that." It was the first man, high and thick, still doing the talking. "That is, if ever you want to be alive to finish that drink."

"My dear good sir," replied Gannon, "after this I doubt if I shall ever dare drink again. And to think my mother repeatedly warned me, too. Ever since I was so high, she—"

He indicated with his free hand, and was immediately rewarded with another highly uncomfortable jab. Even less did Gannon like the grimness of his visitor's tone breaking in:

"One more move out of you and you get it." A nod to his partner. "Shorty, go through the flat and see there's no one about. Then come back and lock this door."

Shorty glided away, while the two regarded each other.

"Now, then, Gannon—let's get down to business."

Gannon raised his eyebrows. "Well, well, well," said he. "So it is me you want, after all."

The visitor smiled unpleasantly. "Sure it's you I want. Now, just take a comfortable chair, Mr. Gannon, for you and I are going to have a nice friendly little chat."

"Oh, yes, indeed," nodded Gannon, settling himself down. "I've changed my mind—I find I can do with this after all." And he thankfully refreshed himself from his glass. "Pardon me," he added. "Won't you join me?"

"Not a bad idea," agreed the visitor, easing himself

into the opposite chair, but not moving the direction of his gun. "Shorty, make it two."

Shorty moved silently from the door where he had stationed himself, and shook up the drinks. Presently: "Gannon, you wouldn't be knowing why I've come here now, would you?"

Their host looked from one to the other. Nasty pieces, both of them. "Not the foggiest. I don't know that I've even seen either of you before. No idea at all."

"Like hell you haven't," grated the visitor between his teeth. "Now, look here, Gannon—you come through. I want the Hartmann ruby!"

Gannon leaned forward and blinked. It had been in the paper how the millionaire's suite had been burgled that afternoon and his most treasured possession taken—a flawless smooth red ball of flame.

"Hartmann?" he gasped. "What the devil have I to do with him?"

The dark eyes narrowed. "I'm not talking about Hartmann. I'm talking about the stone!"

Bemused was not the word. Gannon parked his drink

on the small table beside him and broke into a laugh. "I hate to be rude in my own house, you know, but I still don't know—"

"Then perhaps this will help you." The man bent forward and the steel barrel he held slashed itself across his host's temple.

Gannon slumped back, his head singing and the room going round. The blow, as intended, had not been enough to put him out, but enough to make him see things in the right light. He saw them now in many lights. In a moment or two he pulled himself up, pale and as watchful as his senses would allow. It was Shorty who made matters still more clear.

"I'd better tell you while you're still conscious, Gannon. This is 'Ace' Diamond—and he means business!"

Gannon was in no doubt about that. Oh, so this was Diamond, the fellow who ran the Brixton lot. Among the other things, a certain line of thought began to revolve in Gannon's head, and he became very thoughtful indeed.

"... so just drop the bluff," Diamond was saying, "or you'll get a crack that really means something. You've been worrying me for a long time, Gannon, a long time. Several things I've had up my sleeve during the past year or so haven't come off somehow. And last month the Rockville pearls went—and nobody knew where or how."

"Ace's" ash dropped on to his knee, but he paid no attention. His eyes just kept themselves on Gannon



Yevonde

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON

A new portrait of the well-known and much-loved wife of the Duke of Wellington. Amongst the numerous titles held by his Grace, those of Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands and Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo are the ones most favoured by her Grace. Their son and heir, Lord Mornington, is a subaltern in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and their only daughter was married in 1933 to the Hon. David Rhys, Lord Dynevor's youngest son. The two family seats are Strathfieldsaye House, in Berkshire, and Apsley House, Piccadilly, which is generally known as Number One, London

This England . . .



Towards the North Riding

THE hedgerows of England are in trouble again. To the farmers who hold that they harbour enemies and—with their attendant ditches—take up too much room, are added the cushioned tourists who complain that they cannot see over the top! Yet will our hedges survive. For they give shelter to the beasts of the field; they hold the rains and so defend the lowland levels from the flood; the enemies that nest therein live rather by grubs than grain. As to the space a hedge demands, since when has the English tradition been one of cheese-paring? Rather are we generous in all we do—and richly have we been rewarded. Would your Worthington so grandly regale you were it not brewed generously, from the richest our soil may give, used without stint?



ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

HIGH AND LOW—(Continued from page 130)

"Too bad that last week 'Bond Street' Mike tried to sell them to me cheap," he went on. "Oh, yes, he told me—don't be surprised. He's got a family, you know. Pity about the boy."

Gannon made no reply as the two of them sat facing each other, tense, expectant.

"So I've had you trailed all this week. Didn't know that, did you? And when you visited the Maychester on three consecutive evenings, I wondered what was up. Particularly as the room below was occupied by our friend Hartmann. To-day, Gannon, you went there to lunch!"

"You're talking tripe!" exclaimed Gannon. "I don't know anything about you, Hartmann, or anything else. I just visited a friend of mine in the hotel."

"You bet she's a friend of yours. A mighty useful one, I should say—fair, streamlined, and the name is Ann Barlow. And tell me, Mr. Gannon, is she there now?"

Gannon ran a hand through his hair and sighed helplessly.

"Well, I suppose nothing I say will convince you gentlemen; but, once again—though I appreciate the compliment—I haven't got it! Search me, search the place, turn it inside out, upside down—do what you like. In short, search me!"

"Don't worry—we're going to."

"Go ahead. If I can help, let me know. Mind if I smoke?"

Gannon took out his case and picked a cigarette. Diamond snatched it from his mouth.

"Wait a minute. Bit anxious, aren't you, all of a sudden?"

Diamond seemed disappointed that the cigarette was just a cigarette, and that the case held no more than what it should, in spite of his close examination.

Gannon's person was subjected to an even closer scrutiny, being made to all but strip—but they didn't find what they wanted. They could not have combed the room more thoroughly had they been detectives on the hunt for clues. No picture was left unturned, no wall untapped, no corner, object, or drawer unsearched. Gannon learnt several things as he watched them turning everything up. Except the ruby.

"Well, then, that just leaves the bedroom—and, of course, the usual offices," he said. "I don't want to rush you in any way, but I have a visitor coming here at nine, a particular one."

"Is that so," grunted "Ace." "If it's the Barlow girl, it'll be just too bad."

They went on with the search. High in the cornice, low in the skirting. Even Gannon's suggestions brought no result. At the finish they were empty-handed. Excepting the gun. "Ace" was livid as he rounded on Shorty: "I thought you told me he hadn't had a chance to dump it anywhere!"

"Nor he had, 'Ace.' Two of us tailed him all the way back. Straight we did, Boss. He didn't have the chance to dump a peanut. And he didn't speak to a soul."

"Ace" turned back to Gannon. "I ought to beat your skull in, anyhow." The gleaming butt was raised as if he would, then lowered.

"Got a better idea. Get your hat and coat."

"Hat and coat?"

"Yeh. I'm taking you away for a day or two," explained "Ace." "I think you'll like it—maybe."

"I see," said Gannon very quietly. But he noticed the gun was steadily trained on a most vulnerable spot. "A deal from the bottom of the pack, is that it, 'Ace'?"

The gun jerked in the direction of the door.

"Come on, cut the cracks and get going!"

The sudden ringing of the bell halted them. And Gannon broke the silence. "Now, don't say I didn't warn you—"

"You shut your trap," broke in Diamond, pocketing his hand with the gun. "Shorty, close up some of these drawers and things. Now, see here, Gannon—just open the door and stand back. And remember—I don't have to aim to shoot straight!"

They waited for Shorty, and both men were close behind their host as he approached the door. He opened it wide. Very wide.

The policeman was big, it is true, but he seemed out of all proportion to Diamond and Shorty as they stepped back on each other.

"Ah, come in, officer, I am pleased to see you. Come in, come in!" beamed Gannon, with considerable warmth, as he grabbed an arm, and brought him through the door. "My friends were just leaving, weren't you? We've been playing cards, you know, officer. Solo. I'm so very fond of solo. Do you know it at all? But I must warn you, officer—never play with that one, the big one. He's the very devil at *misère*."

If looks could kill, Gannon was in Heaven. The police-

man seemed somewhat taken aback by the effusive welcome given by this strange young man, and stood waiting, a shade anxious. "Ace" Diamond had sized up the situation. Buttoning up his coat, and nodding to Shorty, he made his exit as gracefully as could be managed. With a backward glance, Shorty followed.

While the Law comforted itself by the fire, Gannon, from his window, watched two figures climb into their car and drive off.

"Sorry I had to ring up and get you to come round this time of night," officer, but I'm leaving for abroad to-night. I've completed a good 'deal' to-day, so I'll take a dozen."

With the Law's departure, Gannon raised his arms and stretched himself contentedly. He painfully felt the bump on his head and winced, but from the shine in his eyes he did not seem to mind. He stood before the fire, slowly tearing up the dance tickets. They made a beautiful flame, and he watched for some time, still smiling. Soon he turned and picked up his glass from the table.

"To the South of France—and Ann!"

He finished his drink to the dregs. As he lowered his hand, what was left clinked against the side of the glass. His hand made a circular motion and the cherry clinked again.

Gannon rolled it into the palm of his hand—flawless, smooth and red.

"So the Joker wins after all, eh?" he murmured.



LADY JEAN RANKIN

With her two attractive little boys, Ian and Alick, who to-morrow, July 20, are to be pages to Miss Nancy Malcolmson when she marries Captain R. H. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Scots Greys, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lady Jean Rankin, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Stair, is the wife of Sir Hubert Stewart-Rankin's only brother, Mr. Niall Rankin, explorer, naturalist, and camera expert, who was photographer to the Oxford University Arctic Expedition in his Christ Church days

Maggie Francken

Cool Interlude





THE R.A.F. COLLEGE XI. WHO LAID LOW
THE OLD CRANWELLIANS AT CRANWELL

The Old Cranwellians v. Cranwell College match took place in decidedly dirty weather. The Old Cranwellians took first knock and made 74 and 118. The R.A.F. Cadets made 192, and had to bat again to make one run to win

L. to r., standing: Flt. Cadets R. Langley, A. H. W. Ball, Prithi Pal Singh, T. N. Stack, G. H. N. Riddell, J. R. Campbell; (sitting) Flt. Cadets J. H. C. Blount, H. D. Atkinson, E. M. C. Guest (captain), P. A. G. Learmond, R. E. Harris

Clubs and Flying.

CLUBS are really Communism in an old school tie. The principle is the same. Working in communal accord, the many create a "cell" whereby they make possible the fancies of the few. In flying, the club has played an important part, and aviation may rightly be described—after Johnson—as a clubbable activity. In the beginning there was the Royal Aero Club; then, in the period following the war, Sir Sefton Brancker's initiative produced the light aeroplane clubs, and now those clubs carry the Civil Air Guard and may be said to be in full fly. Let us give thanks to the clubs and their secretaries and staffs, and recognise that aviation owes them gratitude and support. They have two sides, the aeronautical and the social—that concerned with aviation and flitting about; and that concerned with conversation and sitting about. The two are interleaved or interlocked or inter-related or interwoven or inter-something, and one would be impossible without the other. If there were no loungers and bars and restaurants, there would be no aeroplanes, which is yet one more instance of the civilising and *uplifting* influence of strong drink. If, in the future, we do develop a satisfactory small aeroplane of a type that could be used by ordinary private owners, it will be owing to the work of the clubs. Civil air progress is almost impossible without them.

Thus the Royal Aero Club—which stands in a special position all on its own—governs all air sport in Britain. It was responsible for the British participation in the series of Schneider Trophy contests, and it regulated the contests held in England. It runs the King's Cup Race every year, and it used to run the Aerial Derby. This year it will run the race for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy. It must also control and observe all British attempts on air records, for it is the only body recognised for that purpose by the international governing organisation, the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale. Claims for records must be made through it, and here even the Air Ministry must take a back-seat—a thing which does it a power of good occasionally. The Royal Aero Club is also the only body empowered to take certain action designed to help with Customs and other formalities, those who go air touring abroad. The issue of *carnets* and of the more recent and equally valuable identification documents for air tourists is in the hands of the club. In some instances the club can help air tourists who are members of light aeroplane clubs but not of the national club; but some

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

privileges are inevitably reserved for full members, and in my opinion it is worth while for all those who use aeroplanes to become full members. And it is to be noted that, like the others, the Royal Aero Club has its "clubbable" background, the premises on Piccadilly. I believe that in aviation—whatever one may think of it in other fields—the club movement is worth supporting. It is especially so when aviation is advancing as rapidly as it is at present.

"Bomb-Divers."

From peace I must turn to war, for we cannot—indeed, we must not if we value our existence—forget that side. This week there will be put forward an extremely interesting proposal for a new Air Force type of machine. We have had



Photos.: Howard Barrett

THE OLD CRANWELLIANS XI. WHO MET THE R.A.F. COLLEGE

The visitors were no match for their opponents, who won comfortably by ten wickets
L. to r., standing: Pilot Officers H. N. Garbett, B. B. Young, B. H. Way, D. Salway, H. V. Matthews, L. MacD. Hodges; (sitting) Pilot Officer G. Heaton Nichols, F./O. J. H. Slater, Squadron-Leader C. R. Lloyd (captain), Squadron-Leader L. G. Lewis, Flt.-Lieut. R. J. Jones

the dive-bomber and we have had the hell-diver (in America, at any rate), and the new type might well be described as a "bomb-diver," for it is a bomb first and an aeroplane second, and it launches its bombs in a dive. The idea emanates from Mr. H. P. Folland, who has more experience of the practical design of high-speed aeroplanes than any other person living, and it is set out in detail with appropriate drawings in the first issue of *Aeronautics*, a new monthly publication which I am launching this week and about which the Editor has allowed me to say a few words. As this is not the place for a long discussion on a new type, I will merely outline the idea. It is to create a new military type consisting of an aeroplane carrying a load of bombs, a pilot and as little else as possible. It is, in fact, a one-man bomber and it has no guns or defensive armament. Its defence is achieved entirely by performance.

Mr. Folland says—and there is no one likely to try and contradict him—that with equal power the one-man bomb-diver could be made faster than the fastest interceptor-fighter. He bases this conclusion on the fact that bombs can be stowed internally with no extra drag, whereas guns must create a little extra drag, and that the pilot of the one-man bomber can be housed in a retractable cockpit, whereas the pilot of the interceptor must, for reasons of view, have a cockpit which breaks the pure streamline of the machine and so knocks off speed. Before I leave my new publication I must also mention a comparison between British and German aeroplanes which is made in it by Mr. B. S. Shenstone. This takes comparable types and shows that there is no magic in the German figures as people are so inclined to

(Continued on page ii)



FORETELLING

but

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YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

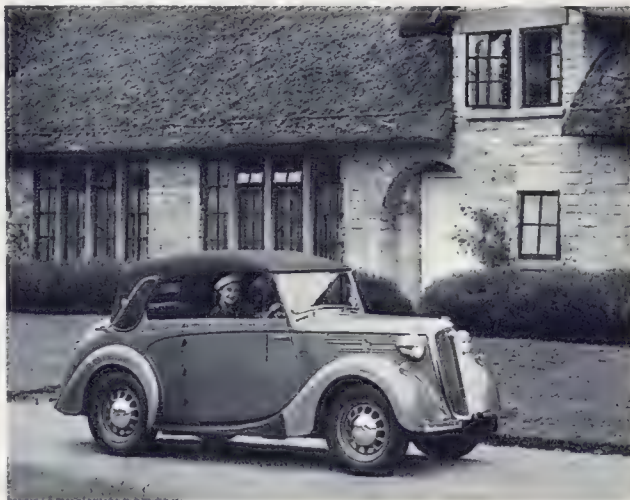


H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE ROYAL SHOW

One of the most interested people at the recent Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor was their Majesties' younger daughter, who accompanied them on their visit. At the close of the pit-pony parade Princess Margaret and Princess Elizabeth were each presented with a miner's safety lamp in miniature, on behalf of the Mining Association of Great Britain. Princess Margaret will be nine years old on August 21.

Streak Through Skyscrapers.

OUR arrival on board the *Mauretania* at New York was heralded by a whirl of shrieking sirens, festoons of flags and dense, cheering crowds. Dutifully our Junior Car Club party had filmed and photographed the Statue of Liberty and the famous horizon of skyscrapers. On the quayside we were treated with the greatest courtesy by the Customs officials. But their good manners did not interfere with their efficiency, and one woman who declared six expensive handbags she had bought on board as presents had to pay 90 per cent. in duty. Then came the filling-up with petrol and water. One car refused to start until it had acquired five gallons as opposed to the two provided to take us from the quay to the Waldorf Astoria. This ride was a memorable and hectic affair, especially for those who had never seen New York. Our cavalcade was preceded and accompanied by a police escort who, with continuous blasts on their sirens, cleared the traffic aside for us. Thus through the multi-coloured parade of people, cars, shops that bot-tomed the towering skyscrapers, sped this motley line of British motorists. It was indeed a fantastic ride at anything between 40 and 50 m.p.h.! The din was eerie and the effect of flashing through the blurred kaleidoscope of colour lit up by dazzling sunshine seemed like a mad prelude to the adventurous story before us.



THE NEW WOLSELEY "TEN" DROPHEAD COUPÉ

This new model is the very latest production of this famous firm. Lively performance, a high degree of comfort, coachbuilt quality and finish are features of this very smart light car, which recently won its class in the coachwork competition for Drophead Coupés in the Scottish Rally

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

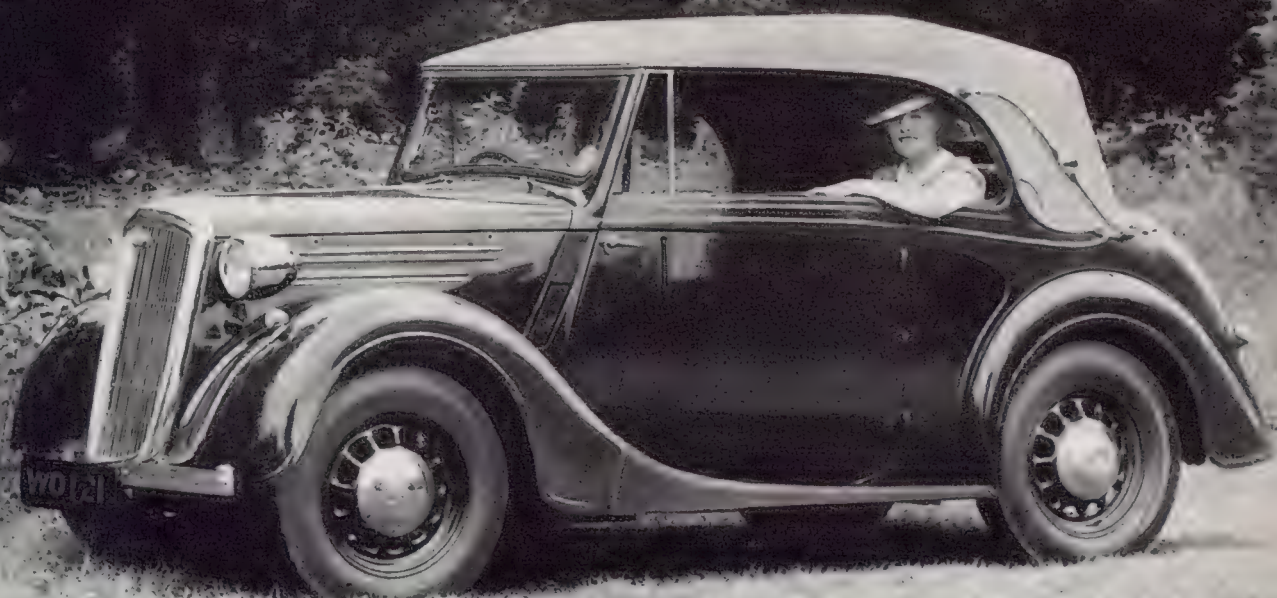
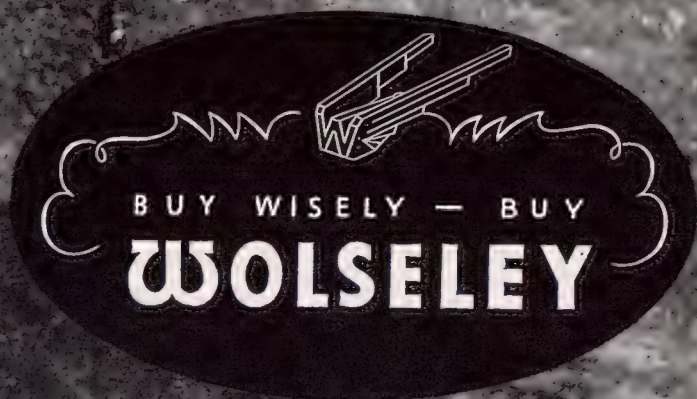
World of Yesterday and To-morrow.

Of the infinite perfection of the Waldorf Astoria, where we stayed, books have been written, pictures painted and poems composed. So I will tell you of another sort of place I visited, a relic of the bad old prohibition days. To-day it is a restaurant with an atmosphere. But its secret cellars, which foiled the most astute brains of the anti-liquor squad, can still be inspected by the favoured ones. We descended to a food store-room. The cellarer did something and one of the cupboards swung aside and we stood in a room about the size of a telephone kiosk. That was the farthest the police had ever penetrated. The walls, floor and ceiling sounded solid, stone and brick. Yet there was a way into another secret store. My guide inserted a bicycle-spoke in the brickwork and lo! the whole wall, a foot thick and weighing ten tons, swung smoothly aside. The great lock and door mechanism had been installed years ago by a German-American specialist in secret entrances and exits. In the second chamber the lock was worked electrically and the secret door was equally mysterious. I felt quite frightened and was glad when I came to ground-level for my dinner.

The traffic problem in New York, despite its enormous volume, is facilitated by several factors. The lay-out of the city, being composed of blocks or squares separated by consecutively numbered, not named, streets, is quickly understood. Alternate east and west streets are one-way, while the great north and south avenues are two-way. Traffic signals, red and green only, appear simultaneously down the entire length of a boulevard. Traffic therefore surges forward in a series of units. Owing to the fewness of buses, compared with conditions in London, the absence of horse-drawn vehicles and traffic odds and bobs, and to the fact that the speed and performance of all cars are much the same, the flow of vehicles is standardised.

Driving technique, both in the city and on the great trunk roads, reaches a high degree of proficiency. People stick to their traffic lines, pedestrians only cross on the green light, and the whole thing seems to function quickly and in an orderly manner. In the smarter end of the city I was impressed by the cleanliness of the streets and buildings and the comparative silence of the traffic. Frequent notices command you to curb your dog, meaning not to restrain it but keep it on the side-walk, i.e., pavement, and clean your pavement, for here each tenant is responsible for his own bit of side-walk.

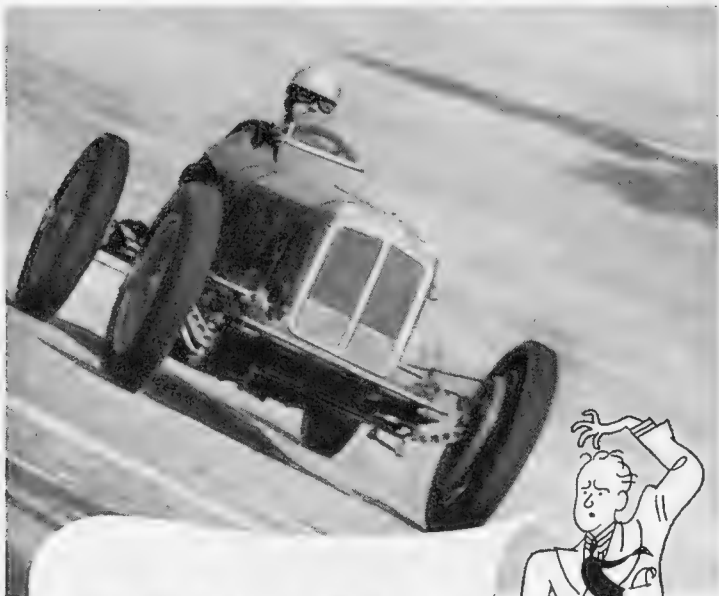
Other items that impressed me were the speed and smoothness of the elevators, which climb 1000 feet in a minute, and the amazing rapidity with which old buildings are demolished and new skyscrapers erected in their stead. For instance, the Empire State building over 1200 feet high, the loftiest tower in the whole world, was erected in just over a year, which included demolishing another building. In the case of one of the Radio City skyscrapers it took longer to demolish and remove the old structure than to erect the 800-foot-high new one.



The price of the new Wolseley "Ten" Drop-head Coupe is £270.

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Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 128)

from Alice Marble. Those are plain facts that cannot be denied. True, Tilden was prevented by his professional engagements from being constantly at his side—and had he been able to put Billie Yorke and the other Helen through their paces on the last Saturday morning, undoubtedly they would have put up quite a different fight against the holders of the championship—but all the same, I maintain the time has come for Miss Jacobs to retire with honour and a thousand happy memories from the arena to which she has lent such distinction and such real beauty for so many years. It was really quite pathetic to see her being out-manœuvred by a youngster like Jean Nicoll for long periods of the match. It was, frankly, only Billie Yorke's genius for the doubles game that finally brought their side victory. It may seem to you that I am expending rather much of my space this week upon the protagonists in one match, out of the hundreds played at Wimbledon, but in a way it was the most significant match of the whole meeting. Leaving Helen Jacobs's future out of it, what about Jean Nicoll's prospects of helping England one day soon to recapture the Wightman Cup? Personally, although I think she and Betty are a remarkably good pair, I can't help feeling slightly apprehensive of the way in which the younger girl seems to be becoming increasingly afraid of hitting the ball a good honest clout. No one is more conscious than I am, as a student, of the importance of opening up the court in a doubles match by the use of subtle angles, but all the same I hope Jean Nicoll's advisers will never encourage her to sacrifice force entirely for delicacy and finesse. In this particular match, most of her smashing was far too soft for a player on the threshold of world honour, and many of her shots off the ground, including her return of service, painfully lacked fire. When one remembers the forehand drive down the line, or across the court at will, its direction utterly concealed to the last split second, of a player like Phoebe Holcroft Watson, one realizes just how far Miss Nicoll still has to go. However, she need have no regrets about her first Wimbledon, the baptism is now over, and I congratulate her most sincerely on keeping her head, and declining to go to America. There will be time and plenty for all that.

Now Betty Nuthall, although she cracked badly in the last three games of this match, had dominated the earlier part of it, and is having a wonderful Indian summer as a doubles player, and richly deserves her good fortune in going to America in a few weeks' time as captain of our Wightman Cup team. Equally richly deserved would have been the inclusion of Billie Yorke's name in that team, but one was not surprised at its absence, because too well known now is the monstrous prejudice of the committee year after year towards this London girl, who has so richly earned the title of the best woman doubles player in the world. Has she not been in the final at Wimbledon four years in all, including a run of three years from 1937–1939? In the first of these four years, in partnership with Freda James, she almost snatched the crown from the reigning champions. Her reward for her play on that occasion was to be left out of the Wightman Cup team for America, while her partner was chosen. That successfully broke up a most promising partnership which has never been resumed. Since then Miss Yorke has been attacked for playing with foreign partners—and winning the championship with them—like Madame Mathieu, but can you blame her, after the way that the committee has treated her? Now, alas, it is too late to make the *amende honorable*. Miss Yorke has wisely taken up a business career, and only played this year at Wimbledon for "fun"; her appearance in tournaments henceforth will become increasingly rare. This is the last time that I shall press her claims. Even had she been asked, it is doubtful whether she could have made the American trip this time. But I refer once more to the tragic, cursed mistake of those in power for the simple reason that it looks very much as though history is going to repeat itself. They have quite rightly chosen Miss Nina Brown, who is a most promising doubles player—she reached the final of the mixed at Wimbledon—and left out the girl she always plays with, Miss Rita Jarvis, and with whom she reached the final of the hard court championships at Bournemouth. This means, I suppose, that another happy partnership has been officially destroyed.

Well, well, I repeat. Still, let us try to end on a happier note. Even if Wimbledon this year was as dreary and lacking in colour as the weather, the new champion, Bobby Riggs, enjoyed himself, because, in his own words, he saw a real queen. And he could hardly contain himself for joy. That queen I need hardly add was Queen Mary, who at least made the royal box shine with something of its former glory. Further it is a telling comment, not on our loyalty as a nation, but of the brand of the tennis this year, that the only cheers heard during the whole fortnight were when she drove away, having enjoyed with undimmed appetite a tea of strawberries and raspberries combined. What a pity that there was no cream to be skimmed from the tennis itself!

GODFREY WINN.

Coming Fixtures: August 14–19, Scottish Hard Court Championships at St. Andrews. August 21–26, North of England Championships at Scarborough. September 11–16, South of England Championships at Eastbourne.



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THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 123)

A wolf will stay for ever and knock out any horse. Some people have tried to kill him with a hog-spear. I have never known any one to succeed. The wolf can always pull out just a bit more at the crucial moment. The lone wolf is by no means unknown; he is usually married and, when his wife is in whelp, he does the hunting. It might not, therefore, be necessary for any human child, which had been purloined, to attempt to run with the pack. I do not know whether an organization called the Basel Mission is still in existence, but if it is, it will have a record of a wolf child who was captured and who was supposed to be the original of Kipling's Mowgli. The case was well-authenticated, and the difficulty of re-humanizing the child fully described. An enquiry might be worth pursuing.

As a rule, Kipling had a very solid foundation for his fascinating stories. In only one instance that I can recall has he made one of his characters drop a brick, as may be said. This is the British soldier in "Mandalay." Kipling makes that warrior talk of the dawn coming up like thunder from China across the Bay. China is across no bay from Mandalay, but of course the "Hunter of the East" would come up from that direction. Poetic licence excuses much, but it must not tinker with geography. Personally, I am convinced that Mowgli had at least one prototype—possibly more than one. Wolves, leopards, hyænas and jackals kill a large number of native children, but the wolf seems to be the only animal with a kind enough heart to adopt a child instead of eating it.

Air Eddies (Continued from page 134)

The August exercises, in which the Royal Air Force will engage, should be as big as any held yet and I await them with a great deal of



CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIPS AT ROEHAMPTON

An unusual photograph of Miss D. D. Steel, fifteen times winner of the Ladies' Championship, and four times of the Open Championship, in play. In the Doubles Miss Steel and Col. du Pré beat C. Colman and Mrs. Beaton by nine points

interest because they will enable some idea to be gained of the progress made with the equipment and training during the past two years. I am especially pleased to see that this year cloud and low visibility work is being concentrated upon, and that Service machines will work in these conditions if they are available.

One thing does rather worry me about our air defences and that is the question of whether the methods developed in the Service for putting fighters on to attacking bombers is sufficiently satisfactory. It must be remembered that the cubic space of sky to be searched has doubled with increases in machine performance and that the time for the search has been halved. Extremely quick and accurate methods will be needed if they are to succeed.

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

From Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1. At eighty-three years old, one has but little strength to struggle against poverty and fast failing health. Poor Miss R., her savings all gone, is braving this struggle alone, she has only her old-age pension. Ill luck has dogged her steps, and instead of ease coming to her in her old age, she has had only trouble, trying to help her two sisters, one of whom died of cancer; and now she is old, ill and alone. Will someone help this poor old soul, we want to promise her 10/- a week. Please help.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle has arranged for a personal tour of that successful play by Charles Morgan, *The Flashing Stream*, which had such a long run at the Lyric Theatre, Mr. Godfrey Tearle is appearing in his original part, and Barbara Palmer (Mrs. Godfrey Tearle) is playing the leading part of Karen. The tour opened at Streatham Theatre last Monday, and then goes to Golders Green, Folkestone and most of the south coast towns before going on an extended tour north.

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Look inside for the Patent Flange which, in wear, turns upward and forms a watertight air-pocket. So simple—so absolutely efficient. You cannot be without a ROXY this year.

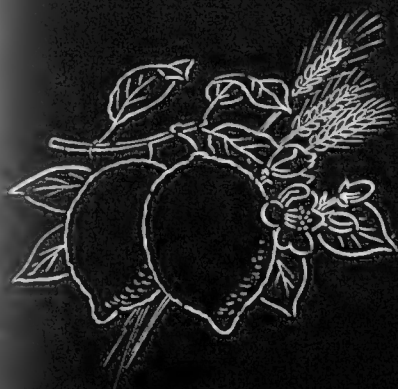
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SHOOTING WITH "THE TATLER"

GROUSE PROSPECTS



A CERTAIN Abbé Pregnani who advertised the fact that he was in a position to foretell the future was put in a considerable quandary when the practical-minded Charles II asked him, as a test of his ability, to spot the winner in a horse race. Rogue as he undoubtedly was, I feel a certain amount of belated sympathy for the "profet" who was thus cornered. My sympathy increased at the remark a friend of mine made on hearing that I rashly proposed attempting to forecast the prospects of the coming grouse season. Said he bluntly: "You're mad! The only time for that is about August 25, after you've been over the ground." It is difficult to disagree with him.

In those glorious days, which some of us remember, long before that year when Aboyeur won the Derby, when, in the words of a sporting writer of the time, "the champagne decanter"—and not only the champagne decanter—"circulated freely," to write of grouse prospects was a very much easier thing to do than it is today.

Conditions were more static; there was far less change. Good moors were held on long leases. Season after season the same guns shot over the same ground. If a good grouse moor came into the market it was snapped up at once. One could predict with the reasonable certainty of being correct that the best bag on the twelfth would be made at Gaick. The bags on well-known moors ran in cycles with commendable regularity. A thousand-brace moor produced, under normal circumstances, 1,000 brace. It might perhaps total a few more or a few less, save in a very good or a very bad year, but there was no very extraordinary divergence from what was expected. A three hundred-brace moor produced, approximately 300 brace. Nowadays, a thousand-brace moor may produce anything or nothing. A small moor may electrify the neighbourhood by suddenly creating a record with a total of four or five hundred brace in excess of its normal bag.

The modern tenant, like the modern grouse, changes his quarters with alarming frequency, and sometimes, like the grouse, fails to appear at all. Lists of tenants who are supposed to be shooting various moors usually appear in July, and these, being not infrequently cribbed from similar lists which appeared a year previously, are often full of mistakes and mis-statements.

Owing largely to the international situation, moors have not let well this year. The majority of them will have found tenants by the beginning of next month, unless another crisis develops, but the unfortunate proprietors will, in many cases accept what offers they can get, rather than allow their properties to remain unlet, staggering along as best they can with their overhead charges increasing and their incomes diminishing.

Generally speaking, the nesting season was quite good, though there was a certain amount of dry weather which did not help; on the other hand the conditions were very favourable so far as the question of heather burning was concerned. The less important moors with comparatively small stocks are in a safer position than the better-known places, except in those cases where the stock was severely reduced.

The worst reports come from Yorkshire, which seems to have suffered badly from disease. The owner of one well-known moor has cancelled all his shoots; while on another, which is run as a syndicate, the members have received back their cheques from the proprietor. Some of the smaller moors report good, healthy young birds, some of which are

already in the immortal phrase "strong on the wing!" A good many old birds have been picked up dead owing presumably to the cold, wet winter and spring. The mortality was very heavy at Bolton Abbey, the lateness of the heather during the early summer being no doubt a contributing factor. If the majority of the moors in this country get half their normal bags they will be lucky, and in a good many cases they will get considerably less.

Reports are, on the whole, good from Scotland, though Angus appears to be an exception. A lot of dead birds were picked up during the early spring and summer on the Dalhousie moors; those belonging to Lord Airlie have also suffered, as well as Glenprosen. Those birds which have hatched out have been helped by the weather, though early in June there was a cold spell which did not improve the stock on the higher ground. Glenisla and some of the smaller moors appear to be free from disease.

Glendye, which suffered so badly from tick not long ago, has improved, and when tick has been bad for three or four years the peak has been passed.

From most of the moors in Aberdeenshire reports are good and bags are expected to be up to the average. The same may be said of those in Inverness and Perth. Speyside moors should do particularly well. Old birds in the majority of places were healthy before and after the nesting period and nests were usually big. Hatching was not very good at Glenmazeran, in some cases three or four eggs being left in a nest, but those that did hatch look extremely well, and there was a splendid stock of birds. The Cawdor moors and adjoining ground have good reports. Farther east, Altyre should do well and other moors in Moray and Banff expect bags to be quite up to the usual standard.

In Sutherland birds nested and hatched well, the weather being very good for some time afterwards, though in certain places there was not a big stock of birds. Similar conditions applied in Caithness. Good bags are expected here.

Reports from Argyllshire are rather conflicting. Grouse have not benefited from the increase of bracken which has destroyed much of the heather, though where ground is free from this pest bags should be normal.

In the south of Scotland reports are not too favourable. There has been some disease and the stock of birds is below normal. Big bags cannot be expected.

Generally speaking, Speyside in particular, and the central Highlands may expect to do well, though it is not to be supposed that 1939 will go down to history as a bumper year for grouse. A few "prospect" notes have reached me at the last moment, which read as follows:

Caithness and Sutherland.—Better than last year but a good many moors will not be shot.

S. Sutherland and Ross.—Fair, stocks poor.

Inverness.—Average.

Badenoch and Tomatin.—About the same as last year.

E. Perth.—Average.

W. Perth.—Good.

Aberdeen.—Rather better than 1938.

Kincardine.—Fair.

Disease reported from: Northumberland, Yorkshire, Durham, Westmorland, Lancashire; Perthshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, Berwickshire, Argyllshire, Inverness-shire, Angus, Lower Deeside, Ballater, Banffshire, Lanarkshire. The first three are, I understand, the worst.

F. W.



AT THE WEST LONDON SHOOTING GROUNDS. AT NORTHOLT

The high tower, and some guns getting into form for the season



THIS HARRIS TWEED IS NEWS!

it has a **SMOOTH** soft finish

Hand woven Corricwreckan is beautifully soft and smooth without losing the characteristic tough resistance of the ordinary Harris tweed, so necessary for sports and country wear. In colourful checks or plain autumn tints.

Made to order from **12½** gns.

In order to keep our workrooms fully employed during the "between seasons" period, SPECIAL PRICES FOR MADE TO ORDER TAILORING AND DRESSMAKING will be quoted until September 9.

Debenham & Freebody

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

M.E. Brooke



THE Scottish season and grouse are intermingled. It begins on August 12—the first day on which grouse may be shot and appear in fashionable restaurants in London and elsewhere, having been flown from across the Border. Already women as well as men are taking thought for their outfits. Then it is that the name of Burberry in the Haymarket will be spoken, for every one knows that this firm stands unrivalled for sports outfits of every kind. Resistance to wear and weather makes a Burberry suit absolutely indispensable. Illustrated on this page are two distinct types carried out in tweed. The coat on the left is thoroughly practical with its slit pockets and wind sleeves. An important feature of the outfit on the right is the cape, which, as will be seen, buttons on to the coat. Then the shoulder is built up so that a sleeve is suggested. This is an immense advantage. The coat is cut so that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. By the way this firm makes a feature of fishing outfits, and also specializes in footwear for every sport

Picture by Blake



HOLIDAY *Partners*



WATERPROOF shoes are a luxury—or it may be said a necessity—when on holiday in the country. Therefore Lillywhites, Knightsbridge and Piccadilly, have contributed those portrayed on this page. The ones at the top of the page are of grained calf leather; they have stout leather soles and substantial square heels, and the price of them is 39s. 6d.



THE spats worn with the shoes at the top of this page are of coarse waterproof canvas and have elastic gussets and sliding fasteners. They cost 10s. 6d. The forepart of the spats fits very closely on the shoes as they have a hook to fix on to the lacing, and also flexible metal strips which make them lie flat



TYPICALLY Scottish are the brown grained leather shoes with ski-front and fringed tongue. They cost 63s. and are ideal for the moors. Below them are brown grained ghillie shoes. For many seasons these have been found perfectly reliable. By the way, this firm excels in footwear for the beach and cruising

QUITE indispensable during the ensuing months—as a matter of fact all the year round—is the set on the left. It consists of a clover pink pure cashmere striped jumper (35s.), and a cardigan to harmonize for 39s. 6d. Lillywhites also have golf skirts from 25s.



PRACTICALLY perfect and perfectly practical is the Lillywhite outfit above. Scotch tweed with an angora finish has been used for the coat and skirt. The cost is 8½ guineas, while the top coat showing a bold design costs 8 guineas. The latter may be worn separately—it is excellent for travelling—and so may the suit

Pictures by Blake



Going North ?

GUINEVERE. Sequins the mode of tomorrow! This beautifully embroidered evening gown with short coat is made in a dull crêpe and is ideal for either dinner or dancing. Colours—Petunia, Royal, Black, Powder, White and Cerise. Sizes 38, 40, 42, 43 hips. Priced at seven guineas.

ELAINE. If you are going North you will need for the cooler evenings this charming dinner gown in crease-resisting velvet. Made in Black—other colours to order. Sizes 38, 40, 42, 43 hips. Inexpensive Gowns First Floor. Priced at ninety-eight shillings and sixpence.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET

W.1.



LOOKING AHEAD

Welcome to Autumn.

EVERY woman who is given to serious thought has decided that the best way to give the autumn an appropriate welcome is to replenish her wardrobe at the earliest opportunity. Fur coats and wraps as well as tailored suits and evening dresses have already appeared in the salons of Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh. There is a subtle difference in them from those of last season. Accessories are all-important, like those worn by the girl on this page. It is in the inexpensive hat shop that the sports felt hat may be seen, and although it has a gutter crown and is available in all the fashionable shades, it costs only 18s. 9d; emphasis must be laid on the fact that the head fitting must be stated when ordering.

Gloves and Stockings.

REALLY satisfactory gloves for sports and country wear are extremely hard to find; too much cannot be said in favour of the hogskin pull-on gauntlet gloves for a guinea at Jenners. They are available in tan, oatmeal, natural and perle shades. Neither must it be overlooked that there are fabric gloves for 4s. 11d. The scarf with ring comes from the men's department and is pleasantly priced at 5s. 6d. There are also stockings with a dull finish, high compensating twist and reinforced feet and tops for 4s. 11d. Further details of this firm's autumn collection of stockings will gladly be sent on application. Every woman visiting Edinburgh will be delighted to learn that there is an Elizabeth Arden salon there, where the same treatments are given as in London and New York. Of course the Traffic Light lipsticks, eye lotion, skin tonic and other things are shown.

Revelation Luggage.

IT is indeed a matter for congratulation that Revelation luggage is guaranteed indefinitely. In suitcases there are over thirty models from which to choose; they range in price from 10s. 6d. in fibre to 87s. 6d. in rawhide. These cases will adjust themselves to whatever has to be packed and will always close with ease. This firm is likewise responsible for the Rev-Pabe; it is no larger than a hatbox, nevertheless it will take care of many dresses. There are also models for men wherein they may hang their suits.

Three for the Twelfth



B.301. Light-weight MATERIAL HAT lined Waterproof Peter-sham band, and finished with Sports mount. In Heathers, Lido, Greys, Wine, Rust, Browns, Bottle, Navy or Black. Sizes 6½ to 7½ **25/9**



B.303. Attractive SPORTS FELT with crown arranged to suit the wearer, in shades of Mauves, Reds, Blues, Greens, Browns, Navy or Black. Sizes 6½, 6¾ and 7 **25/9**



B.302. Practical fly-weight FELT HAT with brim easily adapted, in delightful colourings, including Heather mixtures of Clovers, Blues, Greens, Greys, Reds, Browns, also plain Navy or Black. Sizes 6½ to 7½ **12/11**

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Clothes

Tailored Suit in Small Check
Tweed specially produced in
quiet but effective tones for
wear on the Moors 13 Gns.
Worn with a smarter Felt Hat,
the crown stitched out with
corded ribbon. 45/9 and Alpaca
Jersey with double collar 42/6.
Shoes 52/6.



*Autumn Models at
Between Season Prices
Bradleys*
Chepstow
Place, W.2.

Until September 2, original models for Autumn, designed and made
in the Bradley workrooms, will be copied to order at special prices.
Illustrated here is a man-tailored suit in a new striped suiting. The
coat, lined with crêpe-de-chine, features novel pockets and is worn
over a slightly flared skirt. It will be made to order for 10 Gns.

IN THE NEWS OF TODAY

North of the Tweed.

IT is easy to find something essentially Scottish at Romanes & Paterson's, 62 Princes Street, Edinburgh. The travel cape pictured is really delightful, as it is light and warm and may be arranged in a variety of ways, including that of the Roman Toga. It is carried out in boucle, with an angora finish, and is held in position with cross-over braces. Then the scarf is attached, so there is no possibility of it becoming lost. One may become the possessor of this cape for £6 6s. Much to be desired is a reversible cape of Shetland homespun, lined with a fine wool tartan; it costs £8 8s. Reverting to the picture, the hat is not of felt, but of an angora material. Knee rugs are a special feature here. They range in price from 15s. 6d. to 19s. 6d., the size being 60 by 40 inches. Bridge players regard them with favour, especially during the autumn and winter when the days are cold and the evenings dark. They are available in many colours; a selection would be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.

Fruit Squashes.

EVER since Dr. Hay introduced to us his famous diet, the word "carbohydrate" has been added to the vocabulary of many who have never heard of it before. It is an organic compound of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen which exists in many foodstuffs and is an essential dietetic factor in promoting health and particularly energy. Realizing this, the makers of the famous Kia-Ora Fruit Squashes have added another drink to their range, this time blending barley, which is rich in carbohydrates, with orange juice, rich in vitamins, to make Kia-Ora Orange Barley, or K.O.B. for short. Here is not only a deliciously refreshing drink for any time or occasion, but also a superlatively health-giving one. Children, particularly, thrive on it—and love it, too. And if served with ice it is always in great demand at tennis and garden parties and picnics. It can be bought practically everywhere.



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TO THE
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**ROMAN HYACINTH
BATH ESSENCE**

(A few drops sprinkled into the
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LIBERTY HATS

THIS Waterproof Velvet Pull-on
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everyone. All colours and sizes.

2 GUINEAS

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Pure Indian Cashmere for One Guinea



From Hawick, Scotland, famed for fine woollens, comes this lovely Jumper and Cardigan in pure soft cashmere. We have just received the full range of beautiful new colours—buy the Jumper with straight or round neck, long or short sleeves, and the Cardigan to match! Sizes 34, 36 and 38 inches. **21/-**

Pure Indian Cashmere, each garment

Choose your colours, and send today.

Red - Coral - Gold - Moss Green - Nigger - Royal
White - Duck-egg - Emerald - Navy - Cyclamen - Sky Blue
and Black, of course!

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(CORNER OF BROOK STREET)

FENWICK LTD.

63 NEW BOND STREET

LONDON, W.1

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow abundant and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

THE FOLLY OF DYES

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous.

It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivory covers of the book mentioned.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write today to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 8), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1**, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or fading hair without the use of dyes or stains.

Ladies' SHOOTING SHOES



Superb grained leather and honest stitching. Leather lined for comfort and protection. Cunningly fitted tongues to keep out damp and grit. Masterpieces of shoecraft—made in Scotland, of course—to be good friends to you for years and years. Sent on approval: *Jenners pay carriage in Great Britain.*

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SHOES: Ground Floor

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED



NORTH OR SOUTH

All Aboard.

IF holidays mean sailing, now is the time to review your equipment. Fly-away scarves and fish-net headbands look charming for cruising, but for serious yachting the classic cap is correct. The model on the left, from Herbert Johnson, 38 New Bond Street, is so light that you hardly know you are wearing it. Its piqué cover is detachable, and the same cap can be copied in blue gaberdine, with or without the patent leather peak. For windy days in the car, or on a cross-channel steamer, this firm have designed a fine cashmere scarf helmet. This is tailored to fit the head, not draped casually over it, and can also be made in several other materials, including waterproof Loden. Since it comes in over fifty colours, it makes an attractive as well as a useful accessory.

Trains for the North.

PILES of luggage on the platform, proudly labelled for Scotland; rods and gun-cases in the corridors, retrievers in the van. It all means that once again the trains are steaming north, bound for the moors that are now so easily reached by express services. No time can be said to be wasted in travelling, for the journey is so comfortable that the holiday begins on the platform. Both the L.N.E.R. and the L.M.S. offer an excellent choice of trains, starting from Euston, King's Cross or St. Pancras, with, of course, restaurant cars attached. You can travel by day, or by night in a luxurious sleeper, waking up to magnificent stretches of Highland scenery. Details about the trains will be supplied at any L.N.E.R. or L.M.S. station, office or agency.



Discover New Beauty in your skin

How is your skin looking these days? Fresh and clean and really spotless or rather jaded and dull? Well here's something that will give your skin back its natural childhood perfection — Anne French Cleansing Milk. You see Anne French Cleansing Milk is so finely emulsified that it searches out from deep down in every tiny pore all the specks of dirt that cause so many skin blemishes. It's lovely and soothing too for sunburnt and windswept skins. Start using Anne French Cleansing Milk today and awaken the beauty that is inherent in every woman's complexion.



CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

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in the heat of afternoon



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"So very refreshing and reviving that you forget the sultriness of the day, the petrol fumes, the dust and the noise." That's the experience of those who have tried the new Morny Crest Eau de Cologne extract and Lavender Flowers extract. Because they are of double strength, they are delightful perfumes rather than mere toilet waters.

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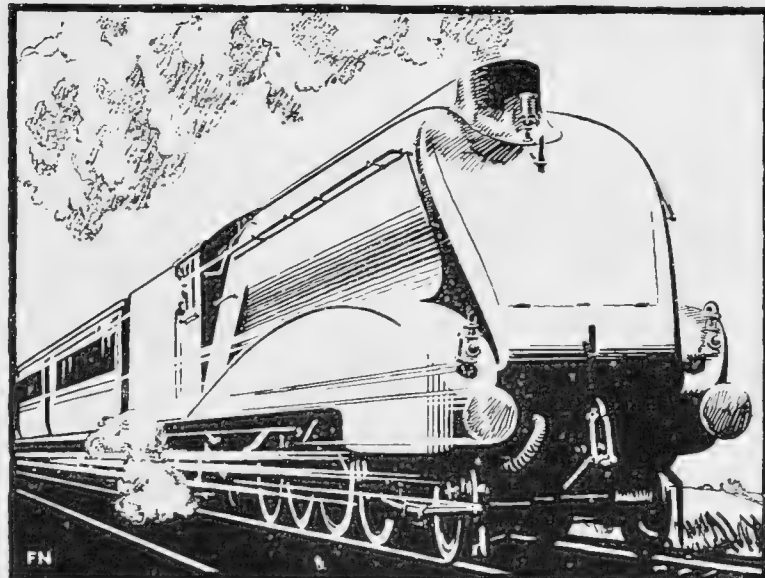
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In addition, the luxury High-Speed trains "The Coronation" and "The Coronation Scot," reaching Edinburgh in 6 hours and Glasgow in 6½ hours respectively, leave London each weekday (except Saturdays). Small supplementary fares (including reservation) are payable on these two trains and also on the "Queen of Scots." The principal day trains (all with restaurant cars) are :-

FROM KING'S CROSS (L.N.E.R)

WEEKDAYS

7.25 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee and Inverness. (On Saturdays 5 minutes later).
9.20 a.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow. (Saturdays only, 8th July to 2nd September.)
10.0 a.m. "The Flying Scotsman." Edinburgh (non-stop) arr. 5.0, Dundee arr. 6.37, Aberdeen arr. 8.15 p.m.
10.5 a.m. Edinburgh (except Saturdays, July 15th to August 26th), Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.10 a.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow (Saturdays only, July 15th to August 26th.)
11.20 a.m. "The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen.
11.50 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee (Saturdays only and not after September 9th).
1.5 p.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow (Sats. only).

1.20 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth (Inverness—Saturdays excepted).
2.30 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow (Saturdays only and not after September 9th).
4.0 p.m. "The Coronation." Edinburgh (arr. 10.0 p.m.). Glasgow arr. 11.43 p.m., change at Edinburgh. (Saturdays excepted.) Will not run on Friday, August 4th, nor Monday, August 7th.

SUNDAYS

11.0 a.m. "Sunday Scotsman" Edinburgh (non-stop), Glasgow and Dundee. (Not after September 10th.)
11.10 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen.
1.0 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Inverness.

FROM EUSTON (LMS)

WEEKDAYS

10.0 a.m. "The Royal Scot"—Edinburgh and Glasgow. See note C.
10.5 a.m. Stirling, Glenageles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen. See note D.
1.15 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Sats. only. Glasgow. See note A.
1.30 p.m. "The Coronation Scot"—Glasgow. See note E.
1.30 p.m. Glasgow, Runs Friday July 28th and August 4th only.
1.30 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Sats. only. Edinburgh. See note B.
1.35 p.m. Stirling, Glenageles, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness (except Sats.).
2.0 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Saturdays excepted. Edinburgh.
2.0 p.m. Glasgow. See note F.

SUNDAYS

11.10 a.m. Glasgow. Runs on July 30th only.
11.20 a.m. Glasgow, Stirling, via Glasgow.
11.35 a.m. Glasgow and Edinburgh (Princes Street), also to Perth, Aberdeen and Inverness, via Glasgow.

Notes: A—Will not run after September 2nd. B—Also to Glasgow, commencing September 9th. C—Edinburgh portion leaves at 10.5 a.m. on Saturdays July 22nd to September 2nd inclusive. D—On Saturdays from July 22nd to September 2nd inclusive, leaves at 10.10 a.m. E—Saturdays excepted. Will not run on July 28th nor August 4th and 7th. F—Applies Monday, August 7th only.

FROM ST. PANCRAS (LMS)

WEEKDAYS

9.5 a.m. "The Thames-Forth Express"—Edinburgh, Glenageles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.0 a.m. "The Thames-Clyde Express"—Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow (St. Enoch). Ayr, Turnberry.
12.0 noon Edinburgh, Dumfries, Kilmarnock,

Ayr, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Glenageles, Perth, Aberdeen (and Inverness and Oban—no arrival on Sundays).

SUNDAYS

10.30 a.m. Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Edinburgh and Glasgow, Perth, Inverness and Aberdeen via Glasgow

The times of Night Trains will be supplied at any L.N.E.R or LMS station, office or agency.

CHEAP MONTHLY RETURN TICKETS—With a cheap Monthly Return Ticket you have the choice of East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, in either direction, with break of journey at any station.

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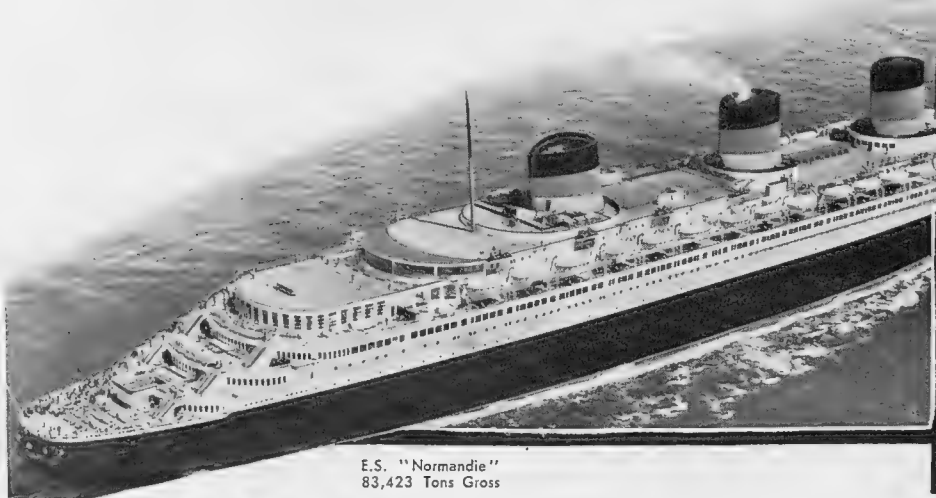
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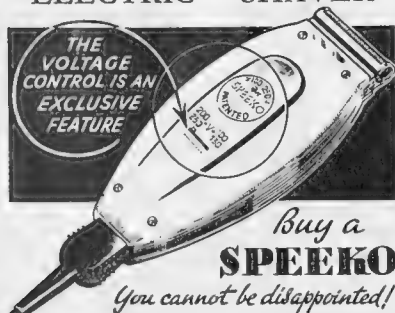
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The Rounded Shearing Head (Patented throughout the world) gives a smooth, comfortable, perfect shave every time.

No resistance required for voltages from 100 to 250 A.C. or D.C. A switch on the Shaver itself controls the voltage.

Ask to see the SPEEKO Electric Shaver before deciding because there are certain features about the SPEEKO that put it in a class by itself, above all others.

The motor that drives the SPEEKO is of exquisite workmanship, made by highly skilled precision workers.

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CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A dusty, germ-laden atmosphere or a chilly evening can easily cause a Summer cold—dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs before they become dangerous. Vapex is perfectly safe for children.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-
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VASCO'S ORIGINAL
"HAIR BUBBLES"
1937

VASCO'S

"HAIR BUBBLES" SHORT-CUT-PERM

is proclaimed by thousands as
THE INFALLIBLE KEY
to all his hair fashions



ORIGINAL "HAIR BUBBLES"
combed by the model immediately
after photo. was taken. 1937

DEPARTMENTS:

Tinting, Colour
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under the
Supervision of the
Most Skilful
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Twice free.
Time for the
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Mons. VASCO presents another version from his GRECIAN creation after a "HAIR BUBBLES" SHORT-CUT-PERM



"HAIR BUBBLES" combed by the
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"After YOUR HAIR has had a **VASCO'S**
scientific short cut and perm with his
unique (machineless or machine)

STEAM-POINT-WINDING PERMING INVENTION,

NO SETTING IS REQUIRED (unless wished); the hair
remains ever tidy in rain or wind, and is therefore most
valuable for sports, travelling, bathing, cruising, etc.

Mons. VASCO gives consultations on **INDIVIDUAL COIFFURES**, or any
subject relating to hair, free of charge

Brochure and illustrations of hair fashions on application

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A "HAIR BUBBLES" after the short-
cut-perm had been shampooed

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Hundreds of Remnants
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Remnants of needlerun lace and other good-wearing lingerie laces. In all widths. Bargain lengths in every make of real lace.

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Hand-embroidered organdie, net and
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Made by hand in endless variety,
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Nightgowns, knickers, cami-knickers,
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Satin from 30/-.

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Summer and Winter weight, to be
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The cleverest Fur Design-
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this luxurious Coatee in
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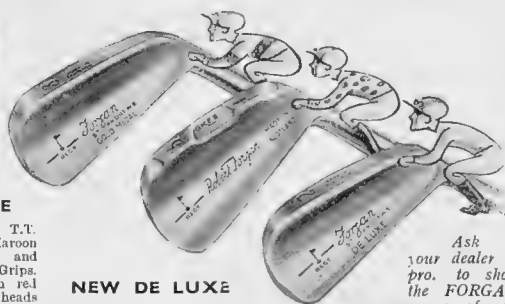
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shafts. Woods
stained to
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Irons, single
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Fitted with T.T.
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Wood heads with red
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for greater control.
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22" to 24"
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First size - 22/6
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Made to Measure
in Clan and
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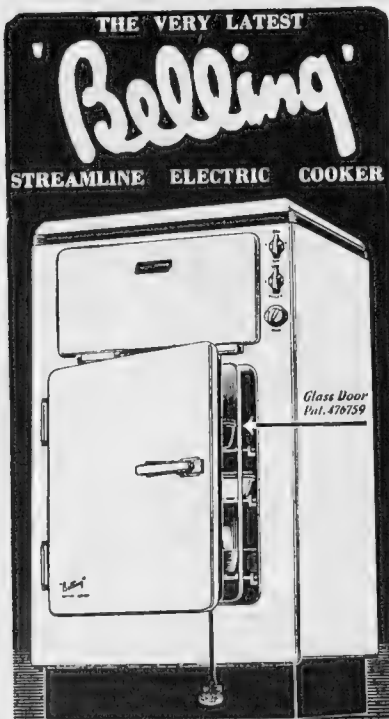
when not exceeding 25" in length.
Jumpers in Bottle Green with colours on
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24" 26" 28" 36" 38"
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Wool and beauty of design belong to the North

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YES . . .
Charming?
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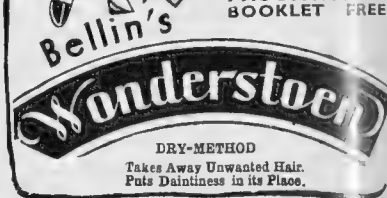
—but there's something that spoils her loveliness! Why doesn't someone tell her that it's so easy to get rid of Unwanted Hair? **BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN** Dry-Method disc makes your skin hair-free and smoothly beautiful. Just rotate this dainty little disc over the skin and the embarrassment of unwanted hair vanishes like magic, instantly. It never fails. **WONDERSTOEN** is sure, harmless and odourless. It lasts months. Doctors have recommended **WONDERSTOEN** for over 30 years. Use it today and have attractive hair-free skin.

From all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. to—

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WONDERSTOEN
Facial Size (for chin, cheeks, upper lip), 5/6.
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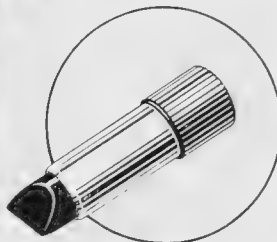
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Quick, make your lips a-l-i-v-e, pulsating, brilliant. Outdoor Girl Lipsticks are l-i-v-e-l-y, lovely, with base of fragrant olive oil to prevent parching, to make lips come a-l-i-v-e — and stay satin-smooth in sun or sea. And Outdoor Girl lip-colours, rich as the warm south, are keyed to harmonise with summer dress colours, vivid beach suits, sun-tanned complexions. (Of course, Outdoor Girl Powder, Cream Rouge and Nail Gloss are blended to tone with Lipstick shades.)



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OLIVE OIL LIPSTICK 2/6, 1/-

The Liveliest Lipstick in Town

COULSON MODELS
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TONY (illustrated)
Simplicity is the keynote of this attractive dress in Navy/White printed crêpe de Chine.
Size hips, 38
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Garments are not sent on approval during Sale.

Last Weeks of Summer Sale of Furs!

Here is your last chance to take advantage of our reduced Summer Prices. Make your choice from our magnificent selection — only the finest skins and workmanship offered. And, by buying direct from the actual makers, you not only obtain your furs at Summer Prices, but you save intermediate profits too!

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Distinctive new Jacket in dyed
CANADIAN SQUIRREL
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Selections of furs sent on Approval

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



FALCONERS CACTUS

Property of Mrs. Jameson Higgins

the dog. It was a small dog, about the size of a large terrier, but the ox, pig and goat were also small. It is pleasant to think that all down the ages man has been accompanied by the dog. The original dog was probably prick eared and curly tailed. It seems extraordinary that the St. Bernard and the Papillon come from the same stock.

The Poodle is an old breed, he was well known in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. France, Germany or Russia are given as his original home. Why and when the convention of clipping and barbering him came into use is not known, in old pictures he appears with an unclipped coat. The Poodle is a dog of great dignity of carriage and almost always a beautiful mover. It must be allowed that a well put down Poodle is a fine sight. In addition to this he is renowned for his great intelligence, there seems to be no limit to what he can be taught. Mrs. Ionides owns a kennel of large Poodles. It has not been started very long, but has been most successful. The photograph is of Samson, one of its prominent members. Mrs. Ionides has a penchant for brainy dogs, as her other breed is Griffons. There are always puppies and youngsters of both breeds for sale and the kennel can be seen by appointment.

The Cocker Spaniel gets his name as he was originally

I went the other day to a museum which contained finds from a nearby Neolithic camp. There among the pots, herds and various bone implements was the skeleton of a dog, dug up in the camp. There were also a pig, goat and ox but no horses; so even at that remote period, over four thousand years ago, man had his companion

used for woodcock shooting. He was first recognized as a distinct breed by the Kennel Club in 1892, and it is amusing to remember that at one of our early shows there was a class for "Spaniels," that was all. After the War the Cocker advanced in leaps and bounds and it is now usually the largest entry at a show. In addition



DACHSHUND FAMILY

Property of Mrs. Barr

to this he is immensely popular as a companion. I should think more Cockers are seen about than any other breed. This is not odd, as he combines great beauty with an attractive amiable disposition and can usually be trusted with children. Mrs. Jameson Higgins owns one of the most successful kennels in England, no mean feat when you think of the competition. She relies chiefly on her bitches. One great bitch succeeds another. The photograph is of one of the later ones, Falconers Cactus, a great winner last year. This year she has been engaged with family cares.

The Dachshund is also an old breed. He was first introduced here by the Prince Consort and the Queen always had some in her kennels. As we all know he is a working dog in Germany, used either above or under ground. Here he is usually kept as a companion and makes an excellent one, being intelligent and affectionate, while the smart coat of the smooth Dachshund brings in no dirt. He is immensely popular at present. Mrs. Barr has a kennel of Dachshunds in addition to her Irish Wolfhounds and Salukies and sends an attractive photograph of a mother and her children. There are some pups for sale at present, and any one interested in the breed should not let this opportunity go by.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam Southampton



"SAMSON IS AMUSED"

Property of Mrs. Ionides



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CAN LEAD TO
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SAVE YOUR TEETH

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Keep your teeth longer! Prevent bleeding gums that warn of dread pyorrhoea. It's easy! Just massage your gums with Forhans, the *only* dentifrice containing the special astringent originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, used by dentists at the chair. See your dentist and follow his advice. Use Forhans regularly. Teeth will shine — gums will glow with health. Forhans does *both* jobs — gives *double* value. Try Forhans today!

**ONLY FORHANS BRAND
ORIGINAL DENTIFRICE CONTAINS
THIS SPECIAL ANTI-PYORRHOEA
ASTRINGENT!**



**DOES BOTH JOBS...
SAVES GUMS-CLEANS TEETH**

*R. J. Forhan
D.D.S.*

ON SALE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

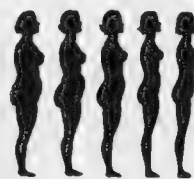


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It may be unfair but holiday wear seems made for *slim* women. Light frocks, brief bathing suits, bright-coloured beach clothes—they cruelly emphasise the too-fat figure. But there's no need for despondency, unpleasant diets or heart-straining exercises! Start *now* to get rid of excess curves by the simple Natex treatment that rids you of fat in a natural and harmless way.

SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES—CHARM RETURNS

Here is a true-to-life diagram of what Natex does: between first and last of these figures is a difference of 42 lbs. of unhealthy fat. Notice how Natex acts surely, steadily, safely. **SAFE**—because Natex is Nature's way. It is a pure concentrate of vegetables, specially cultivated, sun-grown. Why use dangerous drugs, unpleasant diets, or heart-taxing exercises when Natex slims you as you lead a perfectly normal life—actually slims you as you eat ordinary foods.



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For years we have been receiving enthusiastic letters of gratitude—hundreds of them come every month. No less than 23 famous Editresses of Women's Magazines advise their readers to use Natex because they are absolutely sure that it is both safe and efficacious. The personal experience of "Vanity

Fayre" of "Home Chat" is typical: she testifies to losing 6 lbs. in less than a month. And thousands of other letters show that Natex reduces fat at the **SAFE** rate of 2—4 lbs. weekly. Brings new vitality and vigour too. Ask your Chemist or Health Food Store for a sealed carton, 2/-, 5/6, 9/6 and 17/6. If any difficulty obtain from address below.



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Tells exactly how and why Natex slims.
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Miniature Motor Car

with a 1 h.p. petrol-driven engine

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Elliot & Fry
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The second daughter of Rear-Admiral Arthur Bromley, C.M.G., C.V.O., and Mrs. Bromley, of Cadogan Square, S.W., who is engaged to Mr. T. H. P. Lloyd, the younger son of Major and Mrs. T. H. Lloyd, of Padua House, Wimbledon

Taylor, of Bowdon; Cheshire; the Hon. Frederick Wills, eldest son of Lord and Lady Dulverton and Judith Betty, eldest daughter of the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Leslie Melville; Mr. E. O. Faulkner, only son of Sir Alfred Faulkner, C.B., C.B.E., and Lady Faulkner, of Biddenham, Bedford; and Joan Mary, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. A. M. Webster, Park House, Bradwell, Braintree, Essex; Mr. P. West, younger son of Major and Mrs. A. T. West, of Barcote Manor, Faringdon, and Elma, younger daughter of Mrs. A. J. H. Francis, of Merton House, Sunninghill, Ascot; Captain R. G. Hogg, late the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), only son of Colonel and Mrs. A. J. Hogg, Rickmansworth, Herts., and Alice, youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. Thornthwaite, and Mrs. Thornthwaite, Dennysmead, Carlisle; Mr. G. F. Maxwell, The Royal Inniskilling

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Today.

Mr. J. H. Bowman, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Pamela Lindsay-Browne, are being married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, at 3 p.m. today.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. A. Innes-Ker, elder son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, C.V.O., D.S.O., and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, and Benedicta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caverhill, of Montreal; Squadron-Leader E. D. McK. Nelson, elder son of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. D. Nelson, and Margaret Yvonne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F.



Hay Wrightson
MISS ANNE BOWES-LYON

Who is engaged to Mr. R. Llewellyn, the elder son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Llewellyn, of Nethway House, Devon. Miss Bowes-Lyon is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon

Fusiliers, only son of the late George Maxwell, C.I., R.I.C., and Mrs. Maxwell, The Bridge House, Kells, Co. Meath, and Stella Mary de Beauvoir, second daughter of the late Reverend W. A. Jeayes and Mrs. Jeayes, of Grateley, Andover; Mr. H. D. Pyman, The Sherwood Foresters, only son of the late Mr. Pyman and Mrs. Pyman, Harrogate, Yorks, and Betty, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Sutton and

Mrs. Sutton, Fulford, York; Mr. R. C. Kimpton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. V. Y. Kimpton, Melbourne, Australia, and Patricia Mary, younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Sutton, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Sutton, Fulford, York;

Lieutenant-Commander A. H. Thorold, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thorold, of Headington, Oxford, and Jocelyn Elaine, elder daughter of C. E. Heathcote-Smith, C.M.G., C.B.E., H.B.M., Consul-General, and Mrs. Heathcote-Smith, of Alexandria, Egypt; Mr. J. Waller, Royal Artillery, only son of the late C. H. Waller and Mrs. Teasdale, of Burley Lodge, Burley, Hants., and Joan, only daughter of Mrs. E. Cragg, of Eyeworth Lodge, Fritham, Hants.; Mr. Maitland Coley, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard Coley, of Birmingham, and Miss Cecile Moriarty, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. H. Moriarty, of Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mr. James Campbell Reid, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Reid, Edinburgh, and Miss Jean Oliphant Blyth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hall Blyth, of Edinburgh.



Harlip
MISS MARGARET TEMPLETON

The only daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Templeton, of Victoria, Canada, who is engaged to Mr. A. G. B. Walker, The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's), only son of Lieutenant-Colonel B. J. Walker, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Richard Bush James

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Take advantage of our special TRIAL OFFER to sample VITA-CLEANING now, before your holidays. Send us, say, a Jumper, Blouse, or a Skirt, and see how the 26 "Specialist" operations of VITA-CLEANING bring it back to you with stains removed, fabric rejuvenated, style renewed, tailor-pressed and finished as new. Look through your wardrobe and see how much you can save on your holiday outfit by using VITA-CLEANING throughout. These typical prices will tell you how truly economical VITA-CLEANING is: Day Frock 3/6, Costume from 3/6, Cloth Coat 3/6, Jacket 2/6, Trousers 1/6, Skirt 2/6. Extra if pleated, fur-trimmed, or ruched.

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From all good stores in London and the Provinces.

Keep your Hair DRY! and your ears safe

Dive as deep as you dare! Swim for as long as you like—and keep your hair dry all the time in the Empire "Submarine" Bathing Cap. The patent flanges are guaranteed to keep out water under all conditions, and protect the ears from water pressure! It is comfortable, attractive and inexpensive. The ideal bathing cap for everyone from Channel Swimmers to those who splash in the shallow end. Made in two sizes and twelve colours. **PRICE 4/11**

THE SECRET SEAL

Four flanges make a perfect watertight barrier. Tested under all conditions they have proved again and again that no water can possibly get past the last flange.



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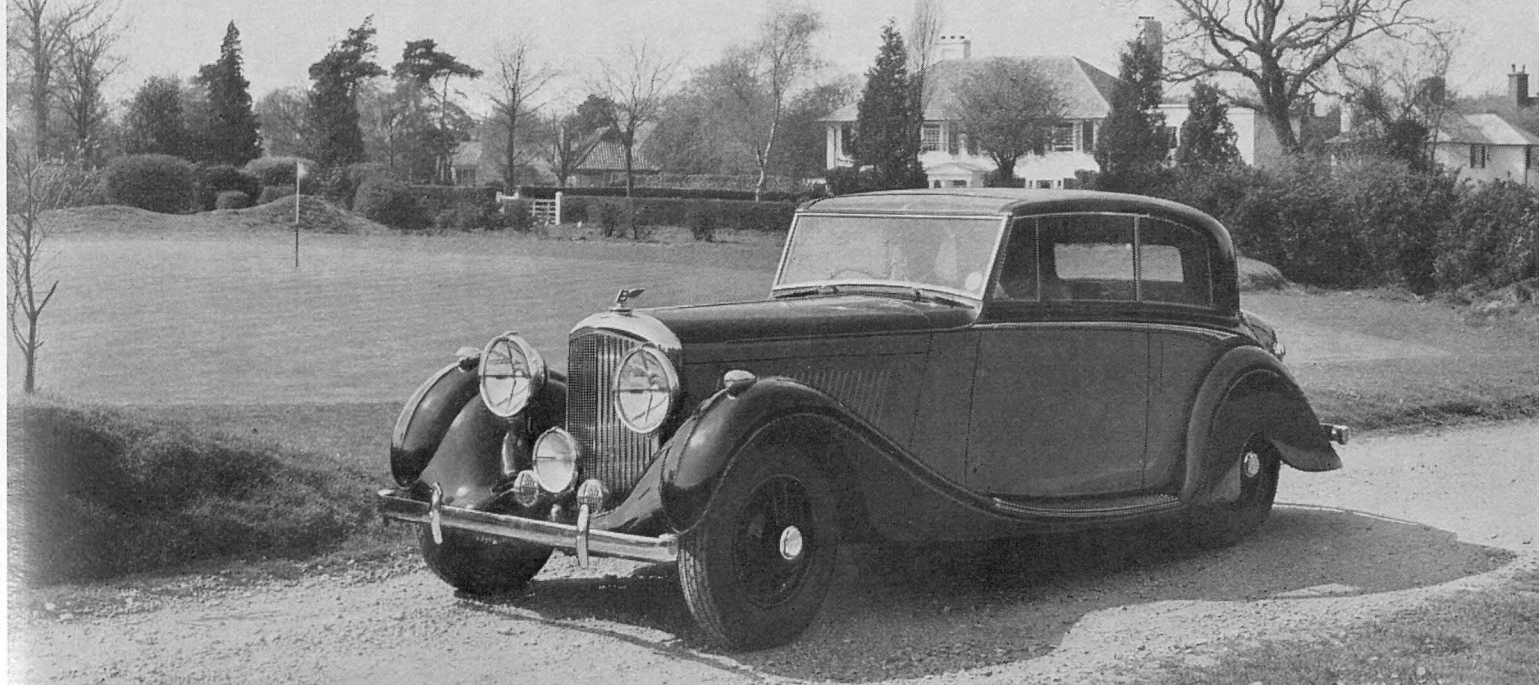
The Bathing Cap that is guaranteed watertight



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Now when it comes to drop-head bodies, the Barclay designers have an opportunity for original thinking and a really flowing line, in fact they produce the sort of coachwork that brings foreigners to Hanover Square for their cars.

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GOLF AMID THE GRANDEUR
OF THE ITALIAN ALPS

The famous SESTRIERE Golf Course nestles amidst the beautiful surroundings of the Italian Alps at 6,500 feet above sea level. This course has always been the Mecca of famous Golfers and in 1936 Henry Cotton won the First International Open Championship of Italy on this course. Situated on the links is the

HOTEL PRINCIPE di PIEMONTE

where guests have free use of the Golf Course and enjoy the luxurious quietude of this magnificent hotel.

This summer (from July to September) attractive competitions are being arranged. Full particulars from the Secretary, Golf Club, Sestriere, Torino, Italy.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM

Knocke-Zoute.—**Palace Hotel.**—Sea front. Near Golf, Casino, Bathing, Tennis. Special early season rates.

Knocke-Zoute.—**Rubens Hotel.**—Finest Hotel facing sea, near Casino—Golf—Tennis.

FRANCE

Aix-les-Bains.—**Hotel Albion.**—1st-Class. Near Baths and Casinos. Garden. Open-air Rest. Inclusive from 11s.

Antibes.—**Grand Hotel du Cap d'Antibes** et Pavillon Eden-Roc, unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Grenoble.—**Hotel Majestic.**—Open all the year. Full Centre. Quietest Position. Rest. Am. bar. Garage.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel des Anglais.**—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—**Carlton.**—On Beach, incl. from 110 Frs. August from 125 Frs. Special July weekly terms £4. 4s.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—**Golf Hotel.**—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel Regina.**—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte-Carlo.—**Hotel Terminus Palace.**—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £4.4.0. With priv. bath £5

GERMANY

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—**Brenners Parkhotel.**—Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

Bad Gastein.—**Parkhotel Bellevue.**—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Gastein.—**Grand Hotel Gasteinerhof.**—Sunniest hotel. 1st class. 180 bedrooms. Pension from RM. 9.50. Pat. by English Soc. Open in Winter.

Bad Gastein.—**Hotel des Kaiserhof.**—First-class hotel situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—**Hotel Straubinger.**—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Nauheim.—**Der Kaiserhof.**—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark, 150 rooms, 50 baths. Pension from RM. 11.

Cologne.—**Schweizerhof, Victoriast. 11.**—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage. A.A. hotel. Qt. sit., home fr. home. Incl. tms. fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—**Hotel Bellevue.**—The Idg. hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces, Bar. Orchestra, Gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—**Breidenbacher Hof.**—L. ht. World ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6-75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfurt-on-Main.—**Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Leading, but not expensive Grill-room. Bar.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—**Hotel Imperial.**—Exclu., world known, close to springs & baths. Seas. Apr. 15-Oct. 15. Pros. Man. Tel. 35.

Franzensbad.—**Hotel Königsvilla.**—The leading hotel. Near bath-houses and springs. Own large garden.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel "Alpenhof."**—Leading hotel, best cent. sit. Every com. Prospect. Propr. Hanns Kilian

Leipzig.—**Hotel Astoria.**—The latest and most perf. hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy.

Munich.—**Grand Hotel Continental.**—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior.**—Near the Hauptbahnhof. First class. Modern and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Stuttgart.—**Hotel Graf Zeppelin.**—Facing main station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st-class family hotel, 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Nassauer Hof.**—World ren'd. Finest pos. opp. Pk. and Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best British Society. Pen. fr. 12 Mk.

GERMANY—continued

Wiesbaden.—**Palast Hotel.**—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Rose.**—World renowned. Opposite Park & Spring. Own Bath. Estab. Patr. by best Society. Pension from Mk. 12.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.**—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from RM. 12.

POLAND

Warsaw.—**Hotel Bristol.**—250 rooms. Every mod. comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar garden.

SWITZERLAND

Baden-Spa (near Zurich).—**Verenahot & Ochsen.**—1st-cl. highly cul. fam. hotel. Mod. com., 100 med. (th'l) baths in htl. Mod. terms

Davos.—**Palace Hotel.**—Summer 1939. Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board from Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—**The Beau-Rivage.**—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—**Les Bergues.**—1st class, splendid location, overlooking lake and mountains. Moderate terms.

Gstaad.—**Bernerhof.**—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frs. 11.

Klosters.—**Sport Hotel Silvretta.**—4,000 ft. Orch., Dancing. Pens. fr. 15. Elec. heated swimming pool. Tennis. Walking. Mountain ng.

Lausanne.—**Hotel Meurice** on the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/- Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—**Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.**—Most up to date, ideally sit. Ex. cuisine. Bar-Grill Room. Orchs. Reas. rates. (Lucien A. Poltera, Dir.)

Lausanne.—**Hotel Royal.**—Sup. 1st cl. Unr'd sit. Beaut. sunny pk. All rms. with priv. lav. accom. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

Lausanne.—**Victoria.**—First class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lenzerheide.—**Grand Hotel Kurhaus.**—Leading 1st-cl. hotel. Best position. Large private park. Open-air restaurant. Trms. from Frs. 13.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof.**—In own large park; most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, Propr.

Lucerne.—**Hotel Balances & Bellevue.**—1st-cl. fam. hotel, ev. mod. comf., quiet sit., lovely view. Open-air restaur. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecy, Pr.

Lucerne.—**Carlton Hotel on the Lake.**—1st cl. Fin. sit. in priv. grnds. Mod. tms. Priv. sun and lake baths free for guests. Park, tennis, garage.

Lucerne.—**The Palace.**—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central. Full pension from Frs. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—**Grand Hotel Palace.**—Unrivalled sit. on lake prom. quiet yet central, beautiful large pk., open-air restaurant.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—**Hotel St. Gotthard-Terminus.**—Fam., hot w., all mod. com. Beaut. view, ex. food, lar. grdn., gar., mod. trms.

Montreux.—**Hotel Excelsior.**—Best lake side sit. 100 rms all s'th with balcony. Ideal for peaceful comfort. stay. W'kly all incl. terms in £.

Oberhofen (Lake o. Thun).—**Hotel Victoria.**—Leading in pos., and qual. ev'y com. P'k, B't'h'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'gen'ts fr. Frs. 75.

Pontresina.—**The Kronenhof.**—The traditional English House.

Pontresina.—**The Palace.**—First class in every way. Own tennis courts. Garage incl. Rates from 15s

Spiez, B.O.—**Spiezeraut.**—On lakeside; leading of district; all mod. comforts. Priv. bathing in own grounds. Booklets by Boss, prop.

St. Moritz.—**Badrutts Palace Hotel.**—Host to the elite. Season: June 15 to end of September.

Thun.—**Hotel Victoria, Baumgarten.**—Central position, large park. Golf, Plage. Own trout-fishing river. Moderate terms. Diet.

Wengen.—**Palace Hotel.**—The lead'g hotel of the Jungfrau dist., offers you the most en'able summer holiday. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, Pr.

Zermatt.—**The Seiler Hotel.**—The very place for a really great holiday. Pension terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 upwards.

Zurich.—**Hotel Bellevue au Lac.**—Finest situation at the entrance to Swiss National Exhib. Open-air ter. con. with rest. and bar.

LE TOUQUET HOLIDAYS

On Sea Front: **HOTEL REGINA**
In Forest: **HOTEL des ANGLAIS**
300 Rooms. Illustrated Tariff B on application



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“White Label”
It never varies